The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Political Effects of the Hoover Adventure

IT MAY NOT BE "in good taste" to talk about the political effects of President Hoover's intervention in Europe.

And yet we are politically minded, and, as several editors point out, the political angle of a Presidential move can not be ignored when the President is to be up for reelection next year.

Furthermore, as the Washington *News* reminds us, "certainly a change in major foreign policy is subject to review by the voters." This last point is emphasized by the sending of Secretaries Stimson and Mellon to take part officially in the European conferences on the German financial crisis.

Almost from the first announcement of the President's intervention came acknowledgments even from Democratic sources that he has greatly strengthened himself politically. "Democratic chances for next year looked bright indeed before Mr. Hoover broached his debt-suspension plan," is the way the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* puts it. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* feels that the move is likely to help Mr. Hoover politically, and it crisply observes: "You can not shake the world and expect the reverberations not to influence an American campaign that has already taken shape." If the moratorium works, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* feels that Mr. Hoover will enter "next year's Presidential campaign a marvelously rehabilitated candidate."

"But What Do I Get Out of It?"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

WASHINGTON correspondents naturally give serious thought to the political consequences of the Hoover shift. Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) outlines Republican and Democratic reactions in this way:

"Republican leaders are fairly bursting with elation.

"Democratic leaders are snorting with rage at the Republican tactics and charging breach of the tacit understanding that in consideration of the non-partizan support accorded the President's moratorium proposal, political partizanship pertaining to the project was to be adjourned.

"The Democrats accuse the Republican high command, which is under the domination of the White House, with violation of the truce.

"James F. West, press agent for the Republican national committee, made a partizan radio speech in which he lauded Mr. Hoover to the skies and listed first among his accomplishments the debt-holiday plan.

"Thereat the Democrats waxed almost apoplectic. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher [Dem., Fla.] denounced Mr. West's performance as 'a shame,' and Senator William H. King [Dem., Utah] called it 'infamous.'

"The Republicans are experiencing the first pleasurable political sensations in months. They have been down in the dumps, fearing that what with the wide-spread reaction against Prohibition and with hard times, Mr. Hoover was as good as defeated right now for reelection.

"Now everything looks rosy to them. They are confident a tax raise can be staved off till after election.

"The Republican leaders are cheered by what they believe to be a recession of the Prohibition issue into the background and the emergence of economic questions to furnish the paramount issue of 1932. With the economic issue foremost in the thoughts of the voters, they believe Mr. Hoover will breeze in for another four-year term.

"From the view-point of the Republican managers, Mr. Hoover has been on the upgrade since the moment he proposed the debt moratorium. And they are looking to the remainder of the President's program of foreign policies to make him a well-nigh irresistible contender in the struggle for the Presidency next year.

"The next feat of statesmanship to which the President is addressing himself is world disarmament. Republican leaders are confident that Europe will agree to a progressive disarmament, and that Mr. Hoover will get the credit for forcing the result, and will go into the election the hero of the arms-abhorring American people.

"Democratic leaders still think economic conditions will determine the outcome of the election, and that times can not possibly improve sufficiently to save Mr. Hoover."

ONE of Mr. Hoover's most caustic critics has been the anonymous Washington correspondent of *The New Republic*. But he says the success of the moratorium scheme and of the subsequent negotiations have restored Mr. Hoover's self-confidence—"which is plainly evidenced in his tone, his manner, and his appearance." If business has measurably improved by election time, continues this writer, "Mr. Hoover will be encased in an armor against which the attacks of his foes will be almost as futile as was the criticism of Coolidge during the campaign of 1924." But if the debt holiday does not stimulate business, "the vulnerability of Mr. Hoover as a candidate for reelection will be pronounced." Taking things as they are to-day, "Hoover and the Administration politicians are naturally rejoiced over the improvement in his political position and the extent to which his quite-vanished prestige had been restored."

Mr. Hoover's professional political critics are "for the time being in a condition of suspended animation," writes Frank R. Kent in his Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) column. Of course the Hoover luck may turn bad again, but at any rate, says this writer, what Hoover has done in connection with the European situation makes "the picture of a cowering, dismayed and bewildered Hoover which the extremists have been so busily painting seem more or less ridiculous."

Hoover's activities in the foreign field have done much to

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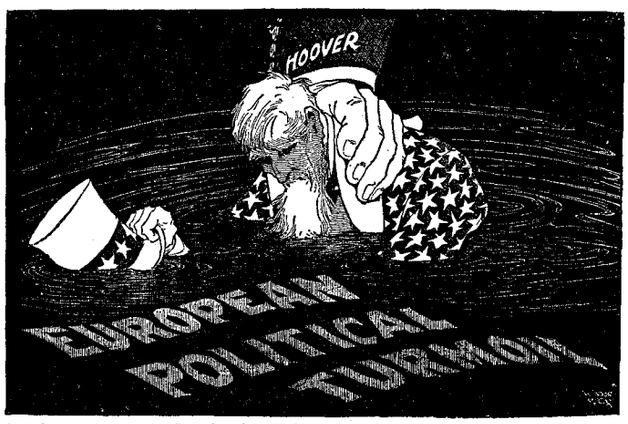
encourage the Republicans and discourage the Democrats, concludes W. W. Jermane in the Seattle *Times* (Ind. Rep.). The President, he feels, will be a much harder man for the Democrats to deal with in 1932, "with reparations his mainstay, than if nothing of the kind had come up." What is now beginning, continues Mr. Jermane, "may not only take away from the Democrats their big issues, but it may necessitate the reshaping of values as to candidates":

"Governor Roosevelt's popularity is wholly built upon domestic issues—Prohibition, in part; power, the tariff, the business depression and inability of the Republicans to cope with it.

"If the Republicans should go into the campaign with interna-



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"Deep in the Mire"

(A rap at Mr. Hoover in the Hearst papers)

"With all Europe preparing for the next war, while trying to avoid paying the just debts incurred in the last one, President Hoover has thrust this Republic deep into the mire of European politics, and thus for the first time since the Revolutionary War executed a right about face on our foreign policy."

—McCay in the New York "American."

tional issues, the Democrats would be compelled to meet them on that ground.

"For the moment such men as Newton D. Baker and Owen D. Young are being more talked about than at any previous time. Baker knows as much about the European situation as any other American; Young was one of the drafters of the reparations plan bearing his name. Roosevelt has no international background whatsoever."

If the Hoover policies "develop major political assets for Mr. Hoover, the Democratic convention will be more inclined to turn to a candidate who can somewhat share them," the New York *Times* (Dem.) suggests.

But Governor Roosevelt's friends, writes Ray Tucker from Washington to the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.) insist that "his service in the Wilson Administration equips him to handle any questions the Republicans may raise as a result of the European problems."

AGREEING with all the other Washington correspondents that "President Hoover's appointment of Secretaries Stimson and Mellon as full-fledged participants in the London conference of Ministers marks an epochal change in the foreign policies of the American Government as pursued since the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles," George R. Holmes of the International News Service declares that the political potentialities in the situation are important and unpredictable. Mr. Holmes recalls that some of the most powerful Senators on the Republican side are the so-called "isolationists," and they are already uneasy about the new Hoover policy—

"If it works out successfully, if Germany is rehabilitated, and business in this country substantially benefited, then the muttering opposition to the President's new policy will evaporate overnight, and the Republicans will go into the Presidential campaign proclaiming the far-sighted vision of the Administration.

"If, on the other hand, it does not have these effects, then it is going to intensify the opposition to the President in his own party."

THERE are already advance rumblings of a bitter fight on the President's policy. The Hearst papers (as in the cartoon reproduced on this page) are denouncing the President's action in sending Stimson to London as "a sorry one for this Republic." And in the President's own State, calling attention to Senator Hiram Johnson's criticism of Hoover's actions, the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.) thanks God that tho there are plenty of Hoovers in the nation, "there are still some Johnsons to stand like the Rock of Gibraltar against such a betrayal of the people." This California paper thinks our citizenry "still prefer as an American President one who is first of all an American, who thinks of America first, not of America last."

BUT at present the applause nearly drowns out these cries of disapproval. Washington correspondents and political writers very generally feel that the President is committing the nation to the abandonment of the isolation policy and to full cooperation with the nations of Europe. "We are back in Europe up to our ears" is the way the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.) puts it. And the fact is admitted by practically all the important newspapers of the country.

Naturally it is welcomed by the Democratic press, and the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* thinks that while the change was "sudden and significant," it does not outstrip public opinion:

"The German financial crisis has in the last month afforded the American people an object lesson in the intimate interrelation of our own affairs with those of the rest of the modern world, and particularly of Europe, which has sunk into their consciousness more deeply than they suspect."

But other important papers, including the Washington *Post* (Ind.) and *Evening Star* (Ind.), St. Paul *Dispatch* (Ind.), and the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), insist that this limited kind of participation in a specific European problem is nothing like the permanent "entanglement" involved in Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy. And the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the Republican papers most emphatically opposed to the Wilson policies, objects to the use of the word "isolation" in this connection, explaining that the United States "never has been isolated"—

"But while it keeps its good sense it will refuse to surrender its political independence to any packed caucus of European governments, however disguised in the idealistic formulas which its proponents profess."

FINALLY, to come back to the strictly political discussion, we find Mr. Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun* pointing out that the pendulum has swung so far in the pro-Hoover direction that a backswing is sure to come before long.

"The wise old politicians in both parties, who have seen things go up and down at least a year before a national election," are not ready to make definite predictions about what is going to happen in the next election, writes David Lawrence from Washington for the Consolidated Press:

"They have always said that the 1932 election would be dependent on economic issues, particularly unemployment. If business was better they admitted—both Democrats and Republicans—that Mr. Hoover would be reelected; but if the present depression were in progress, any Democrat could triumph.

"The national political situation has been changed to this extent—Mr. Hoover has a real chance to bring about a new psychology in the next eighteen months, and if he does he has better than an even chance of reelection.

"But if unemployment continues unabated, there are many Republicans hereabouts who will despair of the outcome.

"That's the political situation in a nutshell exactly fifteen months before the Presidential election of 1932."

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Alabama's Race War

KILLING, RIOTING, AND RACE WAR.

These triplets of evil are the latest progeny of "the now notorious Scottsboro case."

A Negro is killed and five others are wounded. A sheriff and another white man also are shot. A Negro church is burned. Thirty-four Negroes are jailed as scores of others flee in terror.

All this happened at or near Camp Hill, Alabama, on July 17. But the outbursts serve to clamp world attention upon Scottsboro, another little Alabama town. For it was there that eight Negro boys, the oldest twenty, were sentenced to die in the electric chair for alleged assault upon two white girl "hoboes." With their case the violence at Camp Hill is said to have a direct link—news dispatches tell us that the trouble broke out when Communist agitators tried to organize a protest meeting in behalf of the eight youths.

Around the globe has gone the story of Scottsboro. And back to Alabama have come protests and denunciations.

For months the Communists have been making capital out of the case. Liberals here and in other countries are raising their voices against "a miscarriage of justice." In behalf of these obscure, nondescript youths, the great Albert Einstein, in Berlin, sends a protest to the President of the United States. So does Thomas Mann, German novelist and Nobel prize-winner, we are told by the New York *Evening Post*. Conspicuous among American liberals who have jumped into the fight is Theodore Dreiser, novelist. He calls it "a national emergency in justice." Other protesters speak of "wholesale slaughter," "mass electrocution," "legal massacre," "legal lynching." To all these charges Alabama enters an emphatic denial.

But this world agitation over their fate seems to mean little, if anything, to the eight boys who face the electric chair. Dorothy Van Doren, writing in *The Nation*, gives us a glimpse of them in Kilby Prison, near Montgomery:

"No picture in recent annals of lawbreaking is more touching than that of these eight very black boys in the death cells in Alabama. They are kept two in a cell; they gratefully receive gifts of candy and cigarets.

"With the irrepressible gaiety of their race, they can laugh and joke in the shadow of the electric chair. Yet they are in essence bewildered. 'We don't know the rights of it all, Boss, or who ought to help us; we just want to get out of here.' This is about all they can say, about as far as they can think."

Now a respite has been granted them, we read, an appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court automatically suspending the death sentences. The court will convene late this month, but the question of a new trial may not be decided before January. Also in doubt is the fate of a ninth Negro, a boy of fourteen, seized with the others, and for whom the prosecutor asked life imprisonment. In his case a mistrial was declared.

Readers can refresh their memory of the major developments in the Scottsboro case by this Associated Press summary:

"Interracial tension, which flared up in a raid on a meeting of Negro radicals at Camp Hill, Alabama, and the arrest of thirty-four of them, has been smoldering in that State since March 24, when nine Negro hoboes from Tennessee and Georgia were taken off a freight-train at Stevenson and charged with attacks upon two white girls 'bumming' their way after an unsuccessful hunt for work in Chattanooga.

"Eight of the Negroes are under sentence of death, imposed in the court-house at Scottsboro, while a crowd of local citizens and mountaineers surrounded the place, and armed National Guardsmen set a watch about the prisoners.

"Radical groups in all parts of the United States and in Russia have taken up the case, and the angry temper of whites and Negroes in Alabama several times has threatened an outbreak similar to that of July 17.

"According to the State's evidence at the trial of the nine Negro hoboes, the men boarded a freight-train in which the two white girls were riding with seven white youths.

"Two of the white boys were knocked unconscious, according to the testimony for the prosecution, and the others were thrown from the train. The Negroes held the girls, it was charged, until the freight-train reached Paint Rock, where railroad policemen came aboard and arrested them.

"Until the trial began, in April, the prisoners were kept in Gadsden, but their arrival in Scottsboro was the signal for the gathering of a mob which menaced the court-house and the jail during the trial and after the imposition of the death sentence."

THEN began the agitation by Communists, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and by liberals generally, to save the boys from execution.

Jumping ahead again, we come to James P. Russell's account of the Camp Hill outbreak, wired from Dadeville, Alabama, to the Birmingham *News*. The cause, he says, was a Communist demonstration among the Negroes protesting the Scottsboro verdict. Sheriff Young was shot when he sought to disarm a Negro sentry guarding a meeting in a lonely cabin.

Return fire wounded the Negro, and he was killed later in an attack by officers upon a barricaded cabin. Reading on:

"During the night, the constant crackle of rifle and shotgun fire on the wooded slopes near Mary, Alabama, recalled nights in No Man's Land.

"Several thousand rounds of ammunition were fired by Negroes and officers seeking to break up the demonstration.

"The trouble began when two Negroes from another town came here and began a Communist meeting. It was ultimately broken up by officers and the incident forgotten until it was learned that the Negroes, estimated at 500 strong, had gathered in the woods and hills, and that the leaders were in conference in a lonely cabin, while armed Negroes patrolled all approaches.

"It was on a mission to break up this meeting that Sheriff Young and Deputy Thompson were wounded.

"Chief Deputy Wilson said he had learned that in the course of the meetings Governor Miller had been threatened by the Communists."

"Radical literature confiscated from the meeting," adds Mr. Russell in another dispatch, "urged the Negroes to demand social equality, and to take what they wanted if they didn't get it otherwise."

BUT that version is challenged immediately. Up goes a storm of protest. Adding to the confusion, however, the protesters seem to disagree among themselves. For instance, the New York *Herald Tribune* tells us that while the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People condemned Communists as having stirred up the outbreak, the International Labor Defense, a Communist organization conspicuous in the Scottsboro defense, denies any responsibility.

But there is agreement here, apparently, that the first aim of the Negro "share croppers," or tenant farmers near Camp Hill was to form a union to better their condition, and only secondarily to protest the Scottsboro verdict.

Altho denying that the International Labor Defense was organizing the share croppers, its secretary, J. Louis Engdahl, did say, according to *The Herald Tribune*, that "the poor tenant farmers were kept in a state of peonage through being held perpetually in debt to the planter, who advances them credit and supplies." Quoting Mr. Engdahl direct:

"On Wednesday night 150 Negro share croppers met to formulate their demands and protest the Scottsboro verdict. The police invaded the meeting and attacked the assembled croppers.

"Thursday night the share croppers called a meeting in a church, but 200 police and deputies again dispersed the crowd, burning the church to the ground."

Bitter words bubble up in editorial comment upon the Scottsboro case and the Camp Hill outbreak. Harsh criticism is thrown

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at Alabama from many quarters. But the State not only has defenders outside its borders, but its own editors are striking back at critics. Typical of the criticism is the comment of the New York *World-Telegram:*

"In the interest of calm justice there should be a new trial for these Negroes.

"It should be held in a new place, where local passions can not seethe around the court-house. Change the venue.

"Nowhere in the United States should any man's life, least of all a Negro's, have to depend upon a verdict reached within, or almost within, earshot of an angry mob that has already condemned him to death."

"MR. DREISER is right," declares the Philadelphia *Record*, "when he says the case constitutes a national emergency in justice. The fact that the boys are Negroes is incidental. The country can't stand for eight boys all under age being sent to a mass electrocution because of an alleged frame-up."

But Alabama editors insist that the eight boys had a fair trial; they resent the agitation as an improper interference with the State's judicial procedure.

"The race trouble in Tallapoosa County," asserts the Mobile *Register*, "resulting in the killing of one person and the injury of others, is due immediately to outside meddling with the judicial machinery of this State." Then:

"Public officials of Alabama can not be expected to pay attention to noisy agitators, white or black, who threaten to assassinate the Governor unless they are permitted to impose their will upon the judiciary of this State.

"These preachers of violence are playing with fire when they come into Alabama, or any other Southern State, to stir up racial antagonisms and to precipitate clashes between the races. . . .

"These worthless types [the condemned boys] as a result of stupid agitation have attracted national and international note, and finally have been the cause of a race conflict. They are not worth it, nor is there anything in the record of their trial and conviction to justify it."

"The Einsteins and the Manns," declares the Montgomery *Advertiser*, "were misled by liars"—

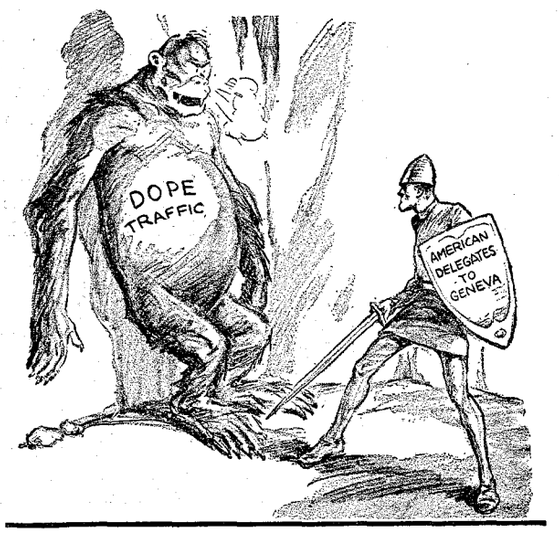
"Fortunately, the common sense of the masses of the American people does not seem to have forsaken them. They do not seem to be much imprest by the manufactured maledictions which are being hurled at Alabama by Communist scoundrels on the one hand and misguided humanitarians on the other."

AND from the town where the trial was held comes the asseveration of the Scottsboro *Progressive Age* in reply to our telegraphic inquiry for comment, that "no section ever suffered such unfair criticism as this county." And—

"Since the conviction of the eight Negroes and the pronouncement of the death penalty for one of the most atrocious and repulsive crimes ever committed since the Civil War, our section has been the subject of unjust criticism.

"We will welcome the most rigid investigation. We believe they will find that no man or set of men were ever given a fairer trial. Every safeguard our Constitution gives to any defendant was given these Negroes.

"There was no room for doubt as to the guilt of the nine defendants. Had the defendants been white men, they would have received the death penalty. It was a crime too revolting to let pass up with less than the death penalty, regardless of the section of the country."



Cornered!

—Hutton in the Cleveland "News."

World Curb on "Dope" Traffic

REAL WAR DECLARED against the dopesters.

The most forward step the world has ever taken in control of narcotics.

Delegates from thirty-three nations, including the United States, sign a convention for the limitation of the manufacture of narcotics to amounts needed for scientific and medical purposes.

Thus our editors, press correspondents and State Department spokesmen hail the result of the eight weeks' International Conference held at Geneva under the wing of the League of Nations.

The importance of this agreement for international regulation and supervision, it is pointed out, lies in acceptance by at least five European manufacturing countries of stricter measures covering the narcotic drug trade.

State Department officials explain:

"The convention provides for two classes of drugs, one class being morphin, heroin, and cocain, considered habit-forming drugs, and non-habit-forming drugs such as codein and dionin.

"No more of these drugs can be manufactured under the new convention than are estimated to be necessary for medical and scientific requirements made in advance. Domestic distribution must take place under licenses and prescriptions."

United States legislation is stricter than that provided by this treaty, we are told, since the Government already limits manufacture, prohibits importation of "habit-forming derivatives of opium and the coca leaf," and subjects legitimate distribution to "rigid control." The advantage of the treaty to the United States, says the State Department announcement—

"Lies in the fact that it will limit the quantities of dangerous drugs manufactured in other countries, will render much stricter the control abroad of the legitimate trade in these substances, and will afford better facilities for combating the illicit traffic."

IN the general press acclaim the Philadelphia *Bulletin* observes that the convention "brings the nations nearer to the standard of drug suppression to which this country has committed itself." The Indianapolis *News* thinks that supervision of sources of supplies should reduce contraband commerce, smuggling and peddling to addicts, of whom we have "at least 100,000 hopeless, so-called living dead." "The fly in the ointment," the Columbus *Dispatch* notices, "is the reluctance of the important opium-producing countries, Persia, Turkey, and Jugo-Slavia, to become parties to the treaty, owing to the feared effect upon their agrarian interests."

The convention will go into effect, the Chicago *News* reminds us:

"When ratified by twenty-four countries, including any four of those especially engaged in drug manufacture—the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, The Netherlands, Japan, Switzerland, and Turkey.

"Supplemental to the convention are certain recommendations relating to the desirability of centralized authority or State monopoly in the manufacture and traffic in narcotics, the need for a convention similar to that relating to counterfeiting to facilitate action against the illicit trade, and the vital importance of educational efforts to enlighten the public as to the dangers involved in using narcotics and thus to arouse sentiment in support of restrictive measures."

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Cleaning Up New York's Dance Dives

"'HELLO, HONEY, WANT TO DANCE?'

"The girl appeared to be about twenty, with pleasant smile and not particularly hard at the moment.

"'Not particularly,' we replied. 'Here, take these tickets,' putting forward the slips which looked like cash-register receipts.

"'Well, all right, then. Don't you want to sit down in the lounge?'

"'Lounge?'

"'Yeah. See those easy chairs next to the orchestra platform?'

"Some chairs were there all right, but not until we reached them in the dim light were they revealed as four cheap wicker porch-chairs, with hard, crusht cushions in them.

"We sat down, but had no more than stretched out our legs when a man in shirt-sleeves approached. The girl in black satin tore one of the tickets we had given her and handed half to the collector, slipping the other into a packet she had held with a rubber band.

"Sitting or dancing tickets must be bought. The man collected from the couples on the floor, and started to walk to the exit.

"Then there came that split-second cessation of the music. And it was then that the joker of the taxi-dance became known.

"Again the man approached. Again he was handed half of the last ticket.

"We thought we'd keep track of the time between collections. It was exactly that time needed to play the chorus of 'Walking My Baby Back Home,' twice. Less than a minute."

So it goes in a New York taxi-dance hall, we are told by Horace V. Wilkins, a Brooklyn *Eagle* reporter who visited one of these resorts as a result of a new public clamor over organized vice and a police crusade to smash it.

To-day, commercialized vice is "greater in volume and more brazenly open than at any time in the last fifteen years." Such is the flat statement of the Committee of Fourteen, a voluntary board concerned with social problems in the metropolis. "It is probable that the conditions of organized crime and vice will get worse before they improve," adds the committee, in its twenty-sixth annual report. Turning to dance-hall evils it reveals that—

"In our crime-prevention work, forty dance palaces were investigated in 1930. All but three of the forty are exclusively taxi-dance halls, altho all but one employ hostesses to act as dancing partners.

"They are patronized by probably from 35,000 to 50,000 boys and men per week. The estimated number of hostesses employed by them is from 2,500 to 3,000.

"In addition to the criminal atmosphere surrounding many of these halls, is a sordid moral atmosphere that in depravity rivals anything existing in New York for a score of years. Conditions in a few of the Broadway halls are outwardly decent, altho a proportion of the hostesses are prostitutes even in these. In the others, the prevailing indecency is shockingly open.

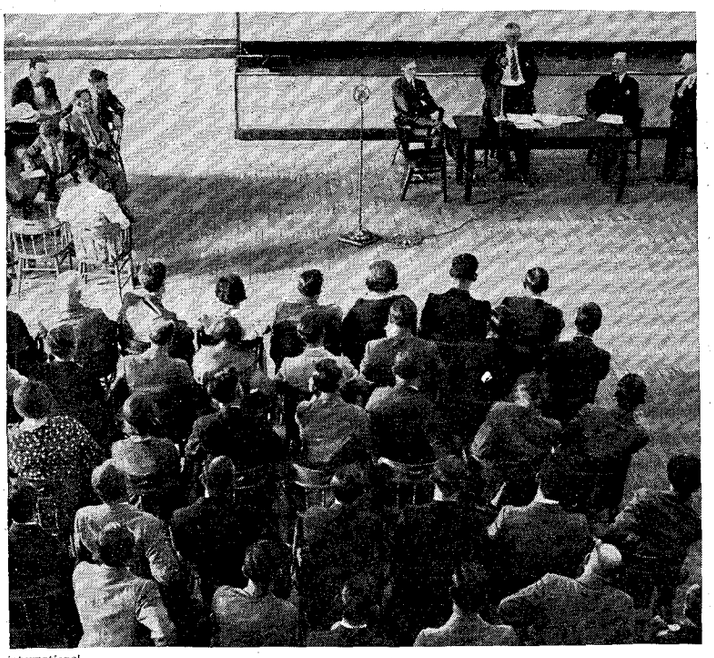
"Evidently many new girls refuse to endure the criminal atmosphere existing in a majority of these places. Others, who have become hopelessly degraded, leave to engage frankly in a career of crime. Many others engage in criminal activities while remaining in the employ of the hall.

"The worst halls were found to belong to a syndicate, and are popularly known as chain dance halls. This chain is rumored to have the protection of certain license inspectors and other employees of that department, certain plainclothes policemen and women, and a city magistrate. The magistrate was rumored to have an indirect interest. . . .

"When the investigation (the Seabury investigation) reached the point where pointed questions as to control were asked, the magistrate resigned on the plea of illness, and left the country."

In its "program for meeting the challenge of organized vice and crime," the committee draws this picture of the situation:

"Conditions in New York are rapidly drifting back to a plane which we left twenty years ago. 'Madames' who were driven out of the city before the war have now come back and are operating houses in Brooklyn and Manhattan. Street solicitation is again becoming an open sore. A certain type of employment agency has developed to meet the demand for women.



International

Clean Up, or Shut Up

That's Police Commissioner Mulrooney's blunt warning to New York's night-club and dance-hall proprietors. Here he is shown laying down the law to them at Police Headquarters.

"Conditions in certain classes of public dance halls have become as bad as anything Broadway knew a generation ago; and these halls are not confined to the old Tenderloin, but have spread to the upper East Side, to Harlem, and to Brooklyn.

"The great bulk of the speak-easies and night-clubs have consolidated their position as rendezvous for prostitutes and all those who batten on the earnings of these women.

"Experience both here and in other large cities proves that organized vice is back of our most serious troubles in crime. The new Illinois Crime Survey is authority for the statement that Al Capone, for example, established himself as overlord of Chicago's commercialized vice before he began to branch out into beer running and racketeering. Hence commercialized vice is a menace of greater significance and of wider ramifications than had been generally understood.

"The main reasons for this local breakdown in the repression of organized vice and for the acute conditions in gang crime are:

"1. The mushroom growth of speak-easies which provide clandestine meeting-places for exploiting prostitution and organizing gangs.

"2. Press reports of the Seabury investigation, which have stimulated a public emotionalism that is effectively discouraging the police from making arrests. Without in any way condoning the offenses of individual policemen, we must point out that arrests on vice charges have tobogganed to the lowest number in the history of the Committee, and this decrease is in face of increased activity in the various phases of commercialized prostitution.

"3. The abnormal number of unemployed young men and women, in whose ranks are many who are turning to crime and vice to get money.

"Thus, a police force with morale seriously impaired by the

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publicity given to charges against a few of its members, is now confronted with criminal elements which are growing in numbers, organization and gang discipline. Such a situation is a challenge to the welfare of the whole city."

OVER this report the metropolitan press does not get particularly excited, but its publication does bring a quick reaction in several quarters.

First, New York's Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, a trim, ruddy-faced man whose reddish hair is turning gray, takes exception to the statement that conditions are the worst in fifteen years, altho admitting, we read, that as a result of the reorganization of the vice squad, there has been a temporary reduction in the number of arrests.

Another result is that Brooklyn's District Attorney plans to call members of the Committee of Fourteen before the grand jury to substantiate its charges concerning vice conditions in Brooklyn.

In addition, Samuel Seabury announces that members of the committee will be examined when his inquiry into magistrates' courts reopens in the fall.

But direct action, too, is not lacking. On the very day that the committee report was issued, Commissioner Mulrooney began a drive to clean up night clubs and dance halls. This he did soon after Mayor Walker signed an amendment to a local law giving the police jurisdiction over such places through control of their licenses.

Summoning three hundred cabaret and dance-hall proprietors to police headquarters, Mr. Mulrooney served notice "in unvarnished English," as the *Herald Tribune* reporter puts it, of what he would require of them. Reading on:

"There are to be no more 'closed' dance halls, admitting men to dance with professional entertainers, he said.

"He declared that cabarets must exclude gangsters, racketeers, and other undesirables; that the subsidizing of cab drivers to bring in intoxicated persons must cease, and with it the raising of checks; that no more licenses for cabarets in small rooms would be issued, and that owners, operators, and managers must supply the department with their photographs, home addresses, and fingerprints, and have available at all times a correct list of the names and addresses of all their employees."

SOME of the metropolitan press take a rather critical attitude toward the report of the Committee of Fourteen, asserting that the committee has lost prestige as a result of the Seabury inquiry revelation that a women's court prosecutor, who had been endorsed by the committee, was actually a bribe-taker.

"One feels," says *The Herald Tribune*, "that the Committee of Fourteen is still only scratching the surface of the ground which it set out twenty-five years ago to plow up. We do not criticize the committee, but we do feel that its insight has not been deep enough for its real task, and that its present loss of prestige is a reflection of the narrowness of its outlook."

Not very friendly, too, is the comment of *The Evening Post*. It admits, however, that the community will accept with respect the committee's verdict about the growth of vice "even if there be no general consciousness of such a condition."

"The Police Commissioner's new program," thinks *The World-Telegram*, "should improve the quality and safety of the amusement places affected and also reduce the field of activities for gangsters—

"The enactment of the ordinance and the Police Commissioner's prompt action upon his new authority reflect much credit upon Mayor Walker and his administration."

For an outside view of the police drive, we quote the Troy *Times*:

"It remains to be seen whether Mr. Mulrooney's published program will be carried into effect.

"If it is, the night-club business in New York is likely to experience severe depression. The open front door will not look inviting to the 'suckers.'"

Hoover Commission Shocked by the Mooney Case

"SUCH A STATE OF THE LAW is shocking to one's sense of justice."

As these words of Mr. Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement echo across the country, stirring up a gale of comment, the two men whose case the Commission cited go about their daily routine in a California prison.

Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings are used to hearing that they are innocent, that their conviction for murder in the bombing of San Francisco's preparedness parade in 1916 was an outrage on justice. But they also are used to prison, they have been locked up so many years.

"So long as Mooney and Billings are refused justice in the courts of California, the whole nation shares in the scandal," declares the Topeka *Capital*, expressing the views of many papers throughout the country. For years, we are reminded, there has been a persistent movement to free these men, and now the Wickersham Commission's citation of their case gives the fight renewed impetus.

The legal predicament in which Mooney, now thin and gray, and Billings find themselves is explained by the commission in its report on criminal procedure, made public at the White House. Noting the refusal of the California Supreme Court to grant them a new trial in spite of the discovery of new evidence "charging perjury on the part of a material witness for the State," the report says:

"Motions for new trials upon the ground of after-discovered evidence, or upon evidence of perjury committed by material witnesses on the trial discovered after judgments, in some jurisdictions have been held to be inadequate to prevent injustice.

"This was peculiarly manifest in the famous Mooney case in California where, upon appeal to the Supreme Court of the State from the judgment of conviction of murder and an order of the trial court denying motion for a new trial, that court held that a new trial could not be granted upon matter not appearing in the record, even tho the new matter consisted of evidence charging perjury on the part of a material witness for the State, and altho the Attorney-General stipulated that the motion might be granted.

"Further application made to the trial court in the nature of an application for common-law writ of *coram nobis* upon the ground that the prosecuting attorney had been guilty of fraud in withholding from the trial court information impeaching the testimony of certain witnesses for the State also was denied upon the ground that under the California practise the court had no power to grant such a motion.

"The Supreme Court of that State held that there was no judicial remedy open in such case. The only remedy was the exercise of executive clemency.

"Such a state of the law is shocking to one's sense of justice."

"THUS the weight of another official opinion is added to the formidable and growing body of public judgment in the United States against the State of California in this now thoroughly notorious affair," asserts the Boston *Globe*, which then gives us a summary of the almost incredible aspects of the Mooney-Billings case:

"During almost fifteen years these two men have been in prison for a crime alleged against them—the bomb explosion in the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916.

"A special Mediation Commission created by President Wilson reported that they had not been given a fair trial.

"The star witness against them has since been irrefutably proven a suborner of perjury, and his testimony pure fabrication.

"The second leading witness against them has confessed to perjury at the trial.

"The trial judge, in view of later evidence, has declared these men 'unquestionably and demonstrably innocent.'

"Nine of the ten living jurors who convicted them have appealed to the California authorities for release of the two men

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from jail, because these jurors now believe they were misled by discredited testimony.

"The chief of the San Francisco Detective Department, who had charge of assembling the evidence, has declared that the trial was an outrage upon justice.

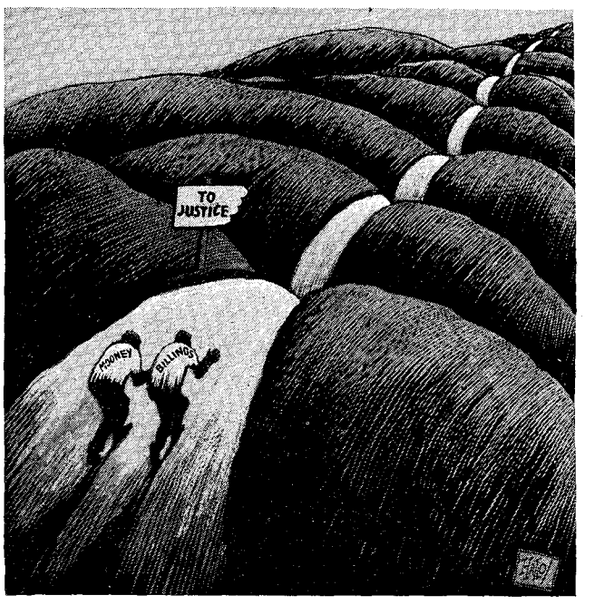
"The police captain detailed to the case has exprest the opinion that the trial was a miscarriage of justice.

"The prosecuting attorney who handled the case against Billings has urged pardon of the men because of the utter discrediting of evidence used against them.

"Now a Presidential commission cites this case as a stench in the nostrils of justice, making no recommendations and refusing to issue to the public the 200-page special study of the case made by its own investigators.

"Billings and Mooney remain in jail. And the shame of California grows before the eyes of the nation and the world.

"But the greater tragedy is not that. It is not personal to Tom Mooney and his fellow victim. It is rather the spectacle of justice being made a hooting and a by-word at the expense of the most ancient and precious of all our heritages."



Just Over the Next Hill

—Hatlo in the San Francisco "Call-Bulletin."

BUT "New Mooney Trial Is Held Unlikely," says a Baltimore *Sun* head-line over a Los Angeles dispatch from Duncan Aikman, which gives us an insight into how some Californians feel about this case:

"Chief Justice William H. Waste and at least two of his colleagues agreed with the Wickersham Commission's recommendation that California legal codes should be revised so that new trials could be granted to convicted men following the discovery of vital new evidence or of fraudulent prosecution in their cases.

"But these members of the State's highest judicial body declined to admit that the commission's criticisms properly reflected on California justice in the Mooney-Billings cases.

"The feeling of the jurists, as indicated by quoted interviews to-day, evidently was that California had corrected any original injustice involved in the denial of retrial rights to Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings through the investigations of their clemency applications by the State Supreme Court and the State Advisory Pardon Board last summer."

WHY is it that the courts of California and of other States do not have the power to reopen criminal cases? The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that "undoubtedly it was to save the courts from being flooded with appeals for reopening on trivial grounds," and it points out that "the State Constitution did not leave the wrongfully convicted person without a remedy" for "it invested the Governor with the power to pardon." And *The Chronicle* emphasizes the point that the commission "does not question the correctness of the California Supreme Court's denial of the Mooney application for a reopening. It merely complains of the code which withholds the power."

And the Los Angeles *Times* likewise asserts that "it needs to be emphasized that the commission did not express any opinion as to Mooney's guilt or innocence, or say that any injustice had actually been done in the case." But, it adds:

"Having mentioned the Mooney case at all, the commission should have gone farther and pointed out that the Supreme Court of California, nevertheless, had found a way of giving a full and complete hearing in which all of the so-called new evidence was produced, weighed, and found wanting, all the charges against prosecutors and others examined and found baseless, and in which it was demonstrated that the tampering with witnesses was done by the defense, and that the so-called recantations of testimony were obtained by money, 'influence,' and fraud.

"Mooney had his new trial and failed to make a reasonable showing, in the course of the hearing on Billings's application for a pardon. That hearing was so wide and so open that it covered the whole field of the Mooney-Billings claims, and was thus more than the equivalent of a new trial.

"By its failure to go into the subject fully, the Wickersham Commission, without in the least intending to do so, has indirectly aided the Mooney racket—the collection of money from the unfortunate and the deluded, money of which only a small proportion will ever be spent directly or indirectly to aid either Mooney or Billings, but of which most will be absorbed into the pockets of the collectors.

"The Mooney-Billings case is providing a fat and illegitimate living for hundreds of propagandist-racketeers."

HOWEVER, another paper in the city where the bombing took place, the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, declares that "the Mooney case refuses to die"—

"It will live as long as Thomas Mooney is in prison, and we have no guaranty anywhere in our laws that what happened to him will not happen again to other men convicted on perjured testimony."

Typical of much of the comment is this assertion of the Providence *News Tribune:*

"Bad laws are kept on the statute book, and wrongfully convicted men are kept in a California jail because that State has not acquired the moral courage to confess its error, and pretends to believe the propaganda of vicious interests whose real grievance against Mooney and Billings is that they were labor agitators."

"JUSTICE," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "demands the immediate reopening of the Mooney and Billings cases."

"In the body of its report," says the Associated Press, "the commission concluded that blame should be laid at the door of 'incompetent, weak, or politics-ridden judges,' for much of the general complaint against this country's criminal procedure." To quote further:

"It presented a recommendation that the public insist upon the complete divorce of the administration of justice from politics, and that the selection of judges and magistrates be made upon the ground of conspicuous fitness alone.

"Monte Lemann, New Orleans lawyer, who declines to sign the commission's Prohibition report, likewise refused to sign this document.

"He charges the report was made without sufficient research to support the conclusions reached, adding that 'without adequate factual inquiry, generalizations by the commission seem to me likely to serve no useful purpose.'

"The commission appended fourteen recommendations to its report. Among them were suggestions for a wider use of 'administration rather than arrest,' a more general use of 'summonses instead of arrests' in petty prosecutions; waivers of jury trial in criminal cases; examinations of jurors by the court rather than the counsel; and increase in the common-law powers of trial judges.

"Considerable space was devoted to the needs of raising the standards of the country's inferior courts, characterized as 'conspicuously the least satisfactory part of our judicial system.'"

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

ADVICE to Nations: Pact a peace or pack a punch.—*Dallas News.*

AND those that live by the sword shall perish by the taxes. —*Lincoln Star.*

THE average man is one who won't admit that he's average. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

PERHAPS they ought to change the name of that airship to the *Do-Nix.—Boston Herald.*

THE best kind of troubled waters to pour oil on is that troubled with mosquitoes.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

PROHIBITION is not a failure. It is the only industry in the country which has no unemployment problem.—*San Diego Union.*

OUR infant industries must have been awful cry-babies, if they were ever more infant than they are now.—*San Diego Union.*

RESIDENTS Demand Ban on Petting in Parks.—Head-line. Is public sentiment against public sentiment?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AND it might not be so hard for Europe to keep up with her war reparations if it were not for so many war preparations.—*Judge.*

JUST when we were in greatest need of the inspiring aphorism, "Every cloud has a silver lining," the price of silver had to slump. —*Toledo Blade.*

ANY one is justified at any time in speaking of the civil war being over in China. There is always a civil war over in China. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

PREHISTORIC people had their dental troubles, says a magazine writer. Wonder if they also had to read prehistoric magazines while waiting for the dentist?—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

TRAVEL broadens one, no doubt, but it is also true that it leaves one pretty flat.—*Boston Herald.*

PATRIOTISM is that pain in the neck you feel when a foreigner wins a championship.—*Illinois State-Register.*

THE best explanation of Hollywood marriage is that the continuity experts are busy at something else.—*Davenport Times.*

ANOTHER suspicious thing about Russia is that she isn't trying to borrow any money from us and pays cash for everything she buys.—*Judge.*

IF the world must lend Germany money to save a good customer, what about trying the theory on the small fry?—*Publishers Syndicate.*

STALIN, moving toward capitalism, is planning to pay workers according to their skill. No doubt when he has completely embraced capitalism he will arrange a dole for them.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

To be sure, we don't know much of anything about this situation that everybody is talking about, but we have the ghost of an idea that mebbe there'd be less setback if there were less sitback.—*Boston Herald.*

IN regard to China's refusal to let Roy Chapman Andrews remove any more dinosaur eggs from the Gobi Desert, our position is as it has been: When you've seen one dinosaur egg, you've seen them all.—*Detroit News.*

All in the Same Boat

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

BUT jake paralysis wasn't as bad as this jack paralysis.—*Boston Post.*

LET the new golf-ball alone. It's the dub's first decent alibi. —*Sacramento Bee.*

AN English lecturer says Americans are patient, and he ought to know.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

THERE is much more protein in wheat this year than usual, but also far less dough.—*Wichita Eagle.*

STALIN'S new industrial plan is the "nip." Apparently the mujik has been napping on the nep.—*Dallas News.*

CHARITY is what some people have to call for after overplaying faith and hope in the speculative markets.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE public won't object to gangland's fake silver coffins so long as the contents are genuine. —*Detroit Free Press.*

ABOUT the only thing certain in regard to the disarmament parley is that there will be a whole lot of parley.—*Indianapolis Star.*

AS a war to end war, it may not have been a complete success. But maybe it produced a war debt to end war debts.—*San Diego Union.*

A NEW gas which can bring down airplanes by suddenly stopping their motors is the latest contribution to world peace.—*Punch.*

"ONE of the most common causes of deafness is trouble in the middle ear," says a doctor. We are thankful we have only two.—*The Humorist (London).*

IT was, of course, before the days, or nights, of the automobile that young men with heads on their shoulders were thought to be able to keep out of trouble. —*Boston Herald.*

BUSINESS, it seems, is on the up-grade. That's the one that requires the hardest pull.—*Dallas News.*

AMONG the short-term bonds that need greater security are the bonds of matrimony.—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune.*

REMOVING the teeth will cure some things, including the foolish belief that removing the teeth will cure everything.—*Peoria Star.*

AND it seems that every big employer wants the other fellow to keep on paying high wages so the other fellow's employees can buy his goods and bring back prosperity.—*Judge.*

AFTER fourteen months of study, the Government has decreased the duties on dried eggs, hemp cordage, and bicycle bells. Who says our tariff isn't flexible?—*San Diego Union.*

THE new Boxing Control Board, says a writer, will set British boxing firmly on its feet. Now, all we need is something that will do the same for our heavyweight boxers.—*The Humorist.*

THE deficit turned out to be nine hundred million, and some taxpayers wonder how we can afford a debt vacation this year. They forget that Al Capone has agreed to pay his income tax.— *The New Yorker.*

"BACKACHE can easily be prevented," says an advertisement. All that a man has to do, when his wife looks meaningly at the lawn, is to creep into the tool-shed and remove a vital part of the mower.—*The Humorist.*

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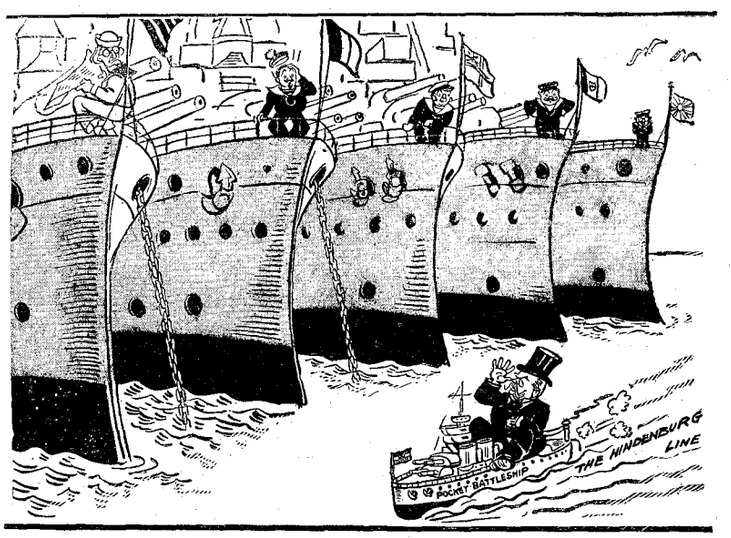
FOREIGN COMMENT

Back of Franco-German Friction

BOTH EXPERTS and onlookers have difficulty in deciding whether the French or the Germans are more to blame in their recurrent discords.

Some think the French insist too much on the "pound of flesh" in reparations and debts. Others accuse the Germans of being the champion cry-babies of Europe.

But while representative statesmen of the greater Powers have to keep in mind that Germany's financial house is aflame and the fire may spread fatally on every side, there are dispassionate editors who try to see certain contributory causes to Franco-German embroilments.



A British Jest

"The German Naval Salute."
—The "Daily Express" (London).

FRANCO-GERMAN relations have been getting steadily worse since the beginning of this year, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, a famous liberal newspaper, remembered for its constant effort to be fair to the Germans. Among the reasons it gives for friction between France and Germany are the customs agreement with Austria, the launching of the so-called vest-pocket battle-ship *Deutschland*, and sundry Nationalist trumpetings—notably those of the Stahlhelm and of General von Seekt. *The Guardian* continues:

"The Austrian agreement has surely been the most harmful of all, and there can be no doubt that the German Government now wish that it had never been signed.

"Not that the agreement is bad in itself, but it came at an unfortunate moment; it could not conceivably have come at such a moment if Dr. Stresemann had been alive.

"It is, of course, true that Germany had a perfect right to build the *Deutschland*, but she also had an equally perfect right not to do so, and for Germany to build a very costly battle-ship—and one which is ridiculed by some of the highest authorities on naval matters as being quite useless besides being extremely unpopular at home—just before she drifts to the verge of financial disaster, and just before going on her knees in supplication for a remission of her debts, seems very far from the highest statesmanship.

"That all the mistakes have not been made on this side of the frontier alone is, of course, true, but, then, the situation happens to be one in which Germany can afford to make mistakes less than almost any Power in the world."

THESE mistakes, we are told, are essentially those of a Government that is semidictatorial, and, while presenting a bold, strong, outward front, is discordant and without a policy.

They would never have happened, declares *The Guardian*, if the machine of German democracy had been functioning in the normal manner. We read then:

"Poor statesmanship, combined with the absence of democratic control, have done their share—and it is a very big share, perhaps the biggest—in bringing Germany to her present pass.

"It should not be difficult to make the French understand that the Stahlhelm consists of persons who stopt playing at Red Indians too soon, and could be dangerous only in a civil war.

"The German Government would be very happy if they could somehow or other bring Franco-German relations back to that favorable condition in which the late Dr. Stresemann left them."

Acme Newspicture

Another Thing That Rouses French Wrath: A Hitler Parade in Germany

Hitler (hatless, at extreme right) and his followers, who advocate tearing up the Versailles Treaty and defying all the French Moratorium demands.

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A Railway in a Class by Itself

UNLIKE ANY OTHER RAILROAD in the world, the South Manchuria Railway to a large degree governs the country through which its lines are laid. Again, by certain Japanese, it is counted as a great conserver of the peace among clashing factions in Manchuria and as the dreaded foe of banditry.

For all that record, so proudly vaunted in some Japanese circles, there are candid critics in Japan reported to be picturing the South Manchuria Railway "as a sort of milch cow for political parties." Count Yasuya Uchida is the new president of this railroad, and his appointment seems to irritate some Japanese editors. Among them is the editor of the Tokyo *Asahi*, who informs us that:

"Count Uchida has had a distinguished career as a diplomat and a statesman. Unhappily he is lacking in the experience which is necessary for the success of a man at the head of a concern like the South Manchuria Railway Company.

"The Manchuria Railway is unlike similar businesses in many respects. It is not the ordinary sort of semiofficial organization. It has a special mission to fill.

"The nature of the railway being such, it needs a head with resources and full of vitality. Put in another way, the head of the railway should be an energetic man.

"Now Count Uchida is an old man. He has had his day. We wonder what considerations were back of the minds of Cabinet leaders when they decided that the Count be asked to serve as head of the South Manchuria Railway.

"But it would not be true to say that he is without qualifications for such a post. He has some decided advantages.

"He is a distinguished diplomat and has considerable knowledge of China. In all probability Cabinet leaders had in mind this knowledge of Count Uchida when they decided to name him.

"About the most important part of the duties of the head of the South Manchuria Railway Company is diplomatic. The territory his concern serves is under the jurisdiction of the Chinese Government.

"Necessarily there are matters upon which to negotiate with the Chinese authorities. At the very moment the company has several problems for the solution of which negotiations with the Chinese Government are necessary.

"Now that Count Uchida is appointed, we hope he will make the most of the business ability of his subordinates.

"Mr. Eguchi, associated for a long time with the Mitsubishi interests, is to serve as vice-president of the railway. About his business acumen there is no doubt. Undoubtedly, with his vast experience as a business executive, he will supply what his chief lacks.

"An important fact about the appointments of Count Uchida and Mr. Eguchi is that both appointees have no political affiliations.

"There is no question about the desirability of appointing non-party men to responsible positions in a concern like the S. M. R. In appointing Count Uchida, the Minseito Cabinet has set a precedent."

Underwood & Underwood photograph

"Is He the Right Man?"

That's the question some Japanese editors ask about Count Yasuya Uchida, new president of the South Manchuria Railway, said to be "Japan's largest business concern."

APART from his eminent qualities as a statesman, remarks another Japanese critic, the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, Count Uchida is "not the right man to guide the destiny of Japan's largest business concern." It admits, however, that he may make up his lack of business experience by surrounding himself with men who know how to run a business, and it adds:

"Unsavory rumors have been circulated in the past about the South Manchuria Railway Company. We know enough of the new head of the concern to be justified in expecting undesirable practises in the management to be corrected.

"Reform of the organization has long been the cry of the public. We hope we shall not be disappointed in the new railway executive."

IF the Japanese press are severe on the management and conduct of the South Manchuria Railway, one may easily imagine the bitterness on this point that the Chinese feel toward Japan. The Shanghai *China Weekly Review*—an American-owned publication, which is rumored to be close to the Nanking Government—gives us an indication of the sentiment in China about the railway:

"The Japanese predicament in Manchuria has been due to perfectly natural causes.

"The South Manchuria Railway, instead of being operated as an economic enterprise, has been used as the plaything of the Japanese military bureaucracy, which has been intent on one thing only—the conquest of South Manchuria and the annexation of that important portion of Chinese territory similar to the present status of Korea.

"This policy has been in effect in one way or another since the Russo-Japanese war. As a result of this continued Japanese policy of conquest, the Chinese authorities in Manchuria were forced into a position where they had to 'fight fire with fire.'

"Despairing of any change in Japanese policy, the Chinese several years ago decided to build a number of new railway lines that would break the monopoly of the Japanese government-controlled S. M. R.

"The Japanese threatened and intrigued, but the Chinese pushed their new lines to completion, the culmination of their campaign being the recent decision to develop the port of Hulutao, on the Gulf of Liaotung, which will serve as a rival of the Japanese-controlled port of Dairen.

"Now the Japanese are beginning to feel the effect of Chinese competition in decreased revenues on the S. M. R. Hence the recent move of the Japanese to induce the Chinese authorities to enter into a conference on the railway situation in South Manchuria."

SO much for the darker side of the picture. For an enthusiastic and persuasive defense of Japanese policies in Manchuria, we may turn to *The Asiatic Review* (London), in which Yosuke Matsuoka speaks of the railway as the great civilizing agent of Japan, and advises us:

"The South Manchuria Railway Company has hastened development through providing various factors of modern civilization which have no direct connection with the railway business.

"Thus it has not only built towns, electric-light plants, factories and similar enterprises, and has initiated industries of various kinds, but it has also provided schools, hospitals, sanitary facilities and the like, which extend their benefits to Chinese as well as to Japanese.

"By establishing and conducting experimental farms it has introduced modern agricultural methods which have served to increase and improve the products of the farmers, and its chemical laboratory is constantly engaged in examining the raw materials of Manchuria and finding out how these may be used for the manufacture of various articles.

"While these details may give an idea of the importance of the Japanese interests in the general development of Manchuria, the actual area under Japanese control is relatively very small.

"Thus the leased territory contains only about 1,300 square

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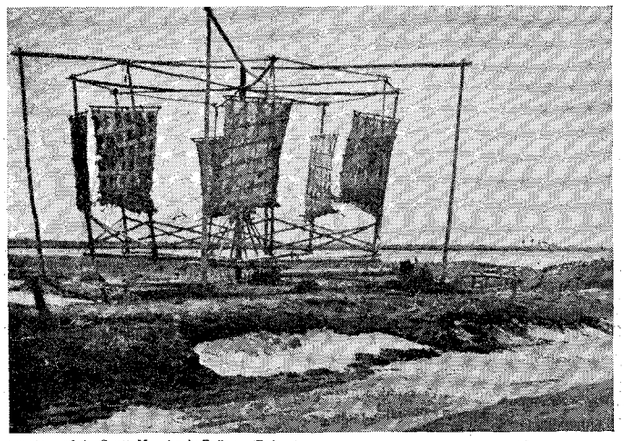

Courtesy of the South Manchuria Railway (Dairen)

Ways of Yesterday and To-day in Manchuria

Primitive windmill in a salt field and a modern tractor plow driven by Chinese in land reclamation.

miles, while the railway zone, which averages about 200 feet in width, with the railway towns located at various points along it, accounts for 102 square miles more. This makes a total, in round numbers, of 1,400 square miles under Japanese control as compared with the total of 384,000 square miles which the Three Eastern Provinces contain."

Leveled Eyes on the Five-Year Plan

FIRST LAUGHING, THEN SOBER, the world outside Russia has gone from one extreme to the other in looking at the Soviet Five-Year Plan.

So it is time, some editors think, that the non-Soviet world of onlookers give the Five-Year Plan a level and judicial eye.

The usual attitude toward the plan, remarks the London *New Statesman and Nation*, is one of incomprehension mingled with hysteria. For two years, it contends, British business men have comforted themselves with the conviction that the plan would be a farcical failure.

Just as unreasonable, this weekly thinks, is the change in a few months from this "ignorant optimism" to "equally comic panic." Trembling in their boots, it would seem, hard-headed men of affairs have been throwing up their hands with the ejaculation that not only is the plan likely to succeed, but its success is certain to involve the ruin of British trade.

Recalling Stalin's recent speech—noted in THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 18—which inspired many non-Bolshevik journals to allege that he had "junked" Communism, this London weekly observes:

"Now, because Stalin has made a remarkable speech and has had the courage to point out that industry can not be run efficiently by political committees, the Conservative press jumps rashly to the conclusion that the plan has failed.

"There seems to be a general tendency to regard the plan as a limited operation which at the end of five years will either have ruined all the rest of the world or else have collapsed in disaster. Both views are nonsense.

"Payment by results has long been a feature of the Five-Year Plan. Stalin's speech does, of course, involve admission that at this stage, at least, Communism needs capitalist incentives.

"It is fair enough to call the system in Russia to-day 'State Capitalism,' not Communism.

"A welcome sign in Stalin's speech was a change to a more friendly attitude toward the middle-class experts. The immediate result of the speech on the plan should be an increase of efficiency.

"Of course the plan is bound to have a long 'hang-over,' and years must elapse before Russia is in a position to flood the world with manufactured goods.

"But to deny all progress in Russia, because Stalin has called for new methods and greater efficiency, is a conclusion for which there is neither justification nor reward."

France's Colonial Spot of Trouble

FRANCE'S VAST COLONIAL EMPIRE, now on exhibition in miniature in Paris, has one section of unrest and bad omen—Indo-China.

Communist agitators are the chief instigators of rebel feeling in this region, it seems, yet at the same time certain French observers have severe criticisms to make about the way France handles Indo-China. *L'Action Française*, a Paris newspaper, famous first of all as an organ of France's embalmed institution of royalty, and secondly as the mouthpiece of the ingenious and fiery Leon Daudet, publishes a letter from an Indo-China correspondent, Jean de Sontay, who suggests that the primary need in Indo-China is the "big stick" of governmental authority. He writes:

"The disturbed provinces have been more or less calm for several months, but one feels sure that uprisings would start right out anew if the troops were withdrawn. The persistence of this agitation is in itself a grave matter.

"It will seem even graver if one is willing to see that it marks the failure of a policy that has been followed for years, namely, the policy of indirect administration, otherwise known as the protectorate.

"Nobody will attempt to deny that the present unrest has its origin in the propaganda of the Communists. But the Communists were influential only because of the profound discontent aroused by the abuses of the native authorities."

ALL the French who live in Indo-China, it is flatly charged, will tell you that it is very rare that an Annamite empowered with the slightest authority does not abuse his compatriots even to the shedding of their blood. How, then, it is asked, can we be surprized that the ominous whisperings of Communist agents found sympathetic ears. Mr. de Sontay has one more grievance against his homeland:

"Another weakness of our administration has been the attempt to outsmart the court of Hue, whose ministers are the foxiest and most cunning workers one can imagine. At this game we have always been bested.

"When the representatives of France really governed, they were heard. When they tried to negotiate, they always lost face and with them the protected nation.

"The Annamite is so constituted that a public office in his eyes is merely a means of making money.

"Extortion is in his blood to such a degree that even those under his authority accept it, and do not complain if it does not reach too exaggerated a degree.

"Reform this state of soul? It is a terribly arduous task, which at the best would require at least a century to accomplish.

"We must take the people as they are, with their good points and their bad, and it is only a beautiful dream to think you can change their mentality by the wave of a magician's wand."

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Chinese Bandits Crave Culture

KIDNAPERS OF GROWN-UPS in the United States have never been known to ask anything but money for the return of their captives.

But in China, where everything is so different from everything here in every way, it appears that Chinese bandits are really ambitious to acquire culture.

Thus in a recent case they promised to return an American missionary to his mission in exchange for gramophone records, tennis-rackets, chess-boards, and fountain pens. These items, it appears, are esteemed not only for their amusement qualities but for the knowledge they impart of Western civilization. They were demanded by bandits in northern Hupeh in return for an American missionary they had snatched, and the mission promptly supplied them. Now the London *Times* reminds us feelingly:

"Many a man and many a boy has been led to renounce wickedness by way of the amenities of a club conducted in connection with a mission, and it was a reasonable hope that in the intervals of banditry quiet evenings spent at chess or pingpong might lead to an appreciation of the merits of civilized life and a desire to maintain the framework of society in which alone such pleasures are possible for long.

"Nor has the calculation proved at fault.

"Two months have passed, and the bandits have gone on to demand pianos and organs and printing-presses. These requests are gratifying as evidence of a desire to create and to contribute to the common stock of the world's culture.

"Too often the gramophone has been regarded as the enemy of the piano, and skepticism has met the assertion that it educates the mental ear and makes the finger itch to play.

"In the same way the demand for printing-presses shows that the earlier request for fountain pens was not altogether idle. Works have been produced with those fountain pens which, in the opinion of their authors at any rate, are worthy of a wider public than one composed of captives and fellow bandits.

"It is in keeping with the character of these last requests that the bandits accompany them with an announcement that they do not intend to release the missionary, but to retain him indefinitely to teach them English."

WAS the mission furious? It was. Did the bandits get the printing-presses and organs? They did not.

But learning English has no terrors for these Chinese bandits, notes *The Times*, tho it is bound to admit that the missionary finds himself in somewhat of a dilemma.

Of course, it is perhaps only fair to concede, we are told, that bandits who become really proficient in English may feel that the business worlds of England and America lie open to them, and that it may be well worth while to listen attentively to "sermons which give mastery of such an important commercial tongue."

The first rule of success for ambitious young Chinamen, this famous London daily ventures, may become, to kidnap a missionary, make him teach them English at the price of his freedom, and then enter upon a larger field of operations. But, we are advised:

"The mission frowns on these developments and announces that it will not send the printing-presses and the organs.

"After all, there is a perversity about bandits who ignore, if they do not try to burn, mission schools and then painfully build up in their own haunts what amounts in the end to the same thing.

"If the temptation to play with the gramophone and other pleasant things sent by the mission becomes too strong during lessons in English orthography, the discipline of a kidnaped teacher is not likely to be oppressive.

"It is, perhaps, hardly the ideal way for English as a civilizing medium to be spread in China, but it is something to find a real desire to learn.

"China is traditionally a cultured place, and it is difficult to imagine English cracksmen or American hold-up men devoting special attention to the acquisition of a Chinese captive and then settling down to become his pupils—altho popular tradition and popular literature credit the Chinaman with being able to teach a thing or two to the less skilful criminals of the West."

Thwarted Lives in Japan

THE GROWING INDEPENDENCE of women in Japan is a story to which we are accustomed.

But it now appears that in actual life the story does not have a happy ending.

The woman who tries the path of modern emancipation finds that she has a hard road to travel.

Some blame man-made institutions for the thwarting of woman's life in Japan, while others declare that women themselves are at fault. A feminist novelist, Genjiro Yoshida, says, in *Fujin Koron*, that women are still dominated by the general social tradition that has placed them on a level below men. In a translation made for *The Japan Advertiser* from *Fujin Koron*, this novelist goes on to say:

"I am afraid, too, that women are lacking in their zeal to elevate themselves.

"While boys are studying, girls are playing with toilet utensils. Beauty makes the world the more livable, it is quite true, but too much personal adornment makes people ugly and brainless.

"Parents and other elders are partly responsible for the inferiority of women. The elders bring up their daughters with the sole object of making them good brides-to-be.

"Girls are forced to recognize from the start that they are destined to be dependent on men.

"Women are often better qualified to render judgment in many things. In their love for beauty and liveliness of sensibility, men can never excel women.

"Look at the womenfolk in fishing villages of this country. They are working better than the men, and maintain the village community independent of menfolk.

"Women must come to feel the same responsibility as men for the progress of humanity, and try to breed the same spirit of responsibility among themselves."

A JAPANESE woman, Mrs. Yasuko Miyake, assures us that while the modern progress of woman in Japan is conspicuous, she remains through legal institutions still powerless. The Supreme Court is willing to create precedents from time to time for the protection of a woman, it is conceded, but she is as miserably off as ever in her domestic relations to man. She is always forced in her daily life to submit to the ruling of her husband, and Mrs. Yasuko continues:

"Woman has a very restricted opportunity to learn, no matter whether she is married or single and free. An unmarried woman is always rebuked if she has a gentleman friend.

"A woman who works independently seems to be pretty free to make friends among her men colleagues, but in many cases her association with men is objected to by the wives of her friends.

"A husband is always unwilling to have his wife on good terms with her male friends, no matter how they have come to be acquainted.

"Girls' schools are taken up too much with unnecessary things. The science of housekeeping, sewing, cookery, etc., may be learned at odd hours outside the school, if only provided with a good instructress.

"Girls' schools ought to be ashamed of using the blackboard for teaching 'how to handle a first-born baby.'"

Particularly pessimistic is Prof. K. Sugimori, who avers in *Fujin Koron* that women are at a fixt disadvantage in comparison to men. A man is expected to plunge early into the social struggle for existence, he tells us. Knowing this, a man prepares for it, but this professor claims that women are not expected or forced as are men to be out in the world and lead an independent life. The result is a large gap between the mentality of a schoolboy and that of a schoolgirl, for—

"She has no real zest for her school work, for her sole object is to be done with school life as soon as possible.

"Woman has not got space in which to act as a free agent. Her place is at home. She has no stimulus to arouse her, while her companion in life is stimulated in every way in his contact with the outer world. Because she is without stimulus, she sinks deeper and deeper into inertia."

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The Days of the Great Singers

SINGERS OF TO-DAY DO NOT EQUAL those of thirty to seventy years ago.

If any one doubts that, his quarrel is with Herman Klein, who is backed up in the opinion by Ernest Newman, the premier music critic of London.

Mr. Klein has just published his views of the "Great Women Singers of My Time" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and Mr. Newman has written the introduction.

Of course, the present generation can not test out Mr. Klein's views because the women of whom he writes have all passed from the stage, and nothing is so fleeting as a singer's fame.

They had something, he thinks, and that was an "art of singing." It is absent to-day; and not even regretted by the public that attend opera, if their eyes are filled with a glamourous personality.

MR. NEWMAN'S introduction is a comprest statement of Mr. Klein's position in respect to the past, and he mentions two reasons why the past was "an age when singing, *qua* singing, counted for relatively more in opera than it does now":

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Yesterday and To-Day

Lillian Nordica and Lily Pons. Nordica graduated from coloratura to become a superb Wagnerian singer—What will be the future of Pons?

"In the first place, the singing itself, we can hardly doubt, was technically better than ours; and in the second place, the singer himself counted for relatively more in the total effect, and the work for relatively less, than is the case now.

"In these days we may admire our singers, but we do not worship them; for a journalist even to speak of a soprano as a *diva* is to raise a smile. The reasons for this decline of the singer in general estimation are manifold. This is an unromantic age, and singers are too plentiful, and for the most part too much on the one level, for us to feel much wonder at them.

"Other stars have latterly swum into the firmament of the populace—the film star, the tennis star, the aviation star, and a score of others have pushed the diva off her historic throne. It might even be debated whether the passing of the singer as a romantic object is not due to the invention of the motor-car.

"The romantic impulses of the crowd could find an outlet in the old days by unyoking the horses of the prima donna's carriage and drawing her in triumph to her hotel. The supersession of the horse by the motor has changed all that; we could not conceive the most excited of students taking a sparking-plug out of the diva's Rolls-Royce and dragging her car, with her in it, to the Ritz. Not until the horse comes back, perhaps, shall we find humanity again making an ass of itself over the prima donna."

This music critic does not have to look far afield to find still other reasons for the change of sentiment:

"The press agent and the gossipy journalist, without intending it, have made the singer a trifle ridiculous; the plain man finds it hard to take people seriously about whom so much vulgar nonsense is talked. Not that the old-time singers and actors were, as a class, of the shrinking-violet kind.

"They were as vain as most musicians are to-day, and we may be sure they welcomed everything that ministered to their vanity. But apparently in those days there were limits.

"With the present-day type of singer and actor before us in all his absurdity, it is hard to believe that there was ever a time when the fauna had still so much natural decency and dignity left as to shrink from publicity of the vulgarer kind. Yet it was so, seemingly, with the great operatic artists of the mid-nineteenth century.

"It is refreshing to read, in Mr. Klein's pages, that Jenny Lind, when she got to America and realized by what methods Barnum meant to exploit her, was so annoyed that she wanted to cancel her contract with him; and it is at once sad, and in a way, refreshing, to read that her disgust with the new methods of publicity was so profound as to accelerate her retirement into private life.

"The modern prima donna, for commercial reasons, has come down into the crowd; and too close contact with the crowd has meant the loss of a good deal of the crowd's respect for her."

MR. NEWMAN sets out to correct the mistaken idea "that the great singers of the past were merely superb vocal instruments bent solely on individual display, without regard for, or any sense of, the dramatic meaning of the work as a whole":

"We must not be misled by some of the more palpable absurdities of the period and of the genre; we must learn to see these things in historical perspective.

"We may smile at the stories of Patti refusing to attend rehearsals, and of her even sending her agent Strakosch to represent her at some of these. But there were operas of the older school to which no great harm could be done, even from the purely dramatic point of view, by an attitude of this kind; while there is abundant evidence that for the most part the great singers took a really serious dramatic idea with all possible seriousness.

"It is always a fair assumption that our fathers were no bigger fools than we are; and it is hardly likely that intelligent listeners would have gone into the ecstasies they did over the *Fidelio* of this singer, the *Valentine* of that, the *Alice* of a third, or the *Selika* of a fourth, unless the players of these rôles had been intelligent actors as well as fine singers.

"On points like this we may accept the verdict of Mr. Klein, who has had unequaled opportunities for comparing the operatic singers of that day with those of the present; and when he tells us, for instance, that the *Fidelio* of Tietjens 'more than matched the *Fidelios* of Ternina, Hastreiter, and Lilli Lehmann at their best,' we may reasonably believe that while the general standard of operatic acting may have risen since the 1860's—thanks to the reforms of Wagner and the new dramatic consciousness with which he endowed not only the actors but the public—the great singers of that day were in many cases the equals of our own as actors as well as their superiors as singers.

"It may even be that Wagner and his successors have made things too easy for the artists; the proposition might be sustained that to a large extent the work of the *Brunhilde* or the *Isolde* or the *Aïda* of the evening has been already done for her

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by the composer—especially in the orchestra—while the *Norma* or the *Selika* or the *Alice* of the old days had to rely infinitely more on herself.

"It will do us a lot of good to realize that, operatically speaking, we of the present day are not the lords of creation we imagine ourselves to be, and that, all in all, our fathers lost little by not having postponed their birth half a century or so."

London Hits Back at Nathan

MR. NATHAN MYSTIFIES, OFFENDS, and irritates many, and rejoices a few in his London criticism. Last week we gave some account of how he was disporting himself over there as guest critic of the drama for *The Daily Express*.

The British never take anything lying down, and Mr. Nathan is nothing if not provocative. So we are not surprized to see his later articles accompanied by letters from readers.

One expects to find Mr. Nathan consistent, but Mr. H. Cooper remarks slyly that while Nathan declares he prefers the play to the players, "in his reviews he deals exhaustively with the personnel and only briefly with the theme."

Bert Ross finds he "puts a much-needed kick into theatrical journalism," but V. F. Flood is annoyed by his polyglot habits. He uses the French *mot* and the German *Shauspielhaus* when he could just as well have used English words! That is "intellectual snobbery," exclaims Mr. Flood—

"Nevertheless, I find Mr. Nathan extremely refreshing, and, having relieved myself of a grievance, I shall continue to read his articles, in spite of his crude metaphors."

Another is even more het up:

"Mr. George Jean Nathan's alleged criticisms are extremely disappointing. His knowledge of grammar is a bit weak—for instance, he says: 'An author who is *that* dull'—and his sentences are wofully crude and often cheaply vulgar.

"He wastes so much time and space in trying to be 'smart' that there is no room left for valuable criticism.

"A. MILLER."

And one is thoroughly English:

"The style of your critic, Mr. Nathan, is atrocious.

"His turgid jargon may be intelligible in America: here it is extremely tedious.

"F. G. TUPPER."

One finds him soft on his job:

"Mr. George Jean Nathan's disregard of English disqualifies him from criticizing English plays from a literary point of view, and he has said practically nothing so far about dramatic construction or characterization.

"He takes up a lot of space in saying that he was not amused, but fails to give us any real dramatic criticism.

"TERRY GEE."

CRITICS who assume omniscience should fear the detective who is out for his scalp:

"I wish to protest about Mr. George Jean Nathan's attack on the Aldwych farces.

"He hints that Mr. Tom Walls would not make Americans laugh. Does he know that 'Rookery Nook,' as a film, was released in the United States under another title and made thousands of Americans laugh themselves silly? And that Tom Walls was the cause of most of that laughter?

"C. SEWELL."

Finally, since our last week's article contained Mr. Nathan's strictures on "The Improper Duchess," it seems only fair to the writer, Mr. J. B. Fagan, to quote his reply:

"To the Editor of *The Daily Express*.

"Sir: I am quite sure Mr. George Jean Nathan is polite, having had the pleasure of meeting him both before and after he sat in judgment on 'The Improper Duchess'—and how he sat on her, for something over half an hour, and damned her beyond redemption!

"Mr. Nathan is a very charming man, and in New York a very distinguished critic, but while no one could accuse him of impoliteness, he must plead guilty to having given a verdict after hearing scarcely a third of the evidence.

"And this, I think, has caused him to be scarcely just to my play.

"I am certainly not 'clearly indignant over American crudities.' On the contrary, having recently spent the greater part of two years in America, and being an Irishman, I found life as delightful there as I find it in England.

"In 'The Improper Duchess' I set out to write not a satire on America, but an amusing tale of what might happen there, and if in the course of it I laugh at what he calls 'American crudities' it is not because they are American, but because they are crude, believing from the splendid sense of humor I found everywhere in America that Americans would join in the laugh.

"If Mr. Nathan had not found the play 'that dull,' he might have found at the end that the balance is pretty evenly held between Europe and the United States.

"Mr. Nathan pays me one compliment, which, unfortunately, I do not deserve.

"He states that in my early days I 'produced at least two short stories of decidedly uncommon merit.'

"I assure him I have not produced even two, and I hope he will give up his habit of referring to them 'in the American journals over which he departmentally presides.'

"Yours faithfully,

"JAMES B. FAGAN."

The Cover

A FINE old salt looks out from the cover this week. Would you believe he is over eighty?

The artist, Joseph Margulies, gives us some clues that will be found verified in the portrait itself:

"While painting in Ogunquit, Maine, a very kindly old fisherman attracted my attention. It was no easy task to paint him, as he was always on the go. The earliest riser (getting up at three o'clock every morning—be it summer or winter) and the hardest of workers, tho over eighty.

"The more I learned to know him, the clearer I understood why his fellow fishermen admired and respected this daring and venturesome spirit. His great love for the sea kept him in a jovial mood, and whenever I saw him resting and smoking his pipe, I tried to depict on canvas the peacefulness and love of mankind that I saw in his face."

Painter and etcher, Joseph Margulies has received honors and recognition given to few artists. Born in Austria, he became naturalized in the United States and has created an art truly American.

Lula Merrick thus writes of him in a catalog of an exhibition:

"His first studies were at Cooper Union, where he went as a boy and where he received his first prize. Later, at the Arts High School of the Ethical Culture School, he was awarded a two-year scholarship. He now teaches in both schools. He also studied at the National Academy of Design, where he received more prizes and new honors.

"From there he entered the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation on a fellowship, having been invited on the excellent quality of his work. Europe was his next adventure. He spent three years in traveling, visiting the great galleries of the world, and in study in Paris.

"But with all his European instruction, his studies and appreciation of masters, Margulies has remained true to his ideals and to the influence of his early American instruction.

"Yet he is a follower of no school or sect, but from absorption of great art, profound study, and deep concentration, he has evolved a distinctly personal view-point, mastering a technique that is entirely his own.

"That Rembrandt has always been his ideal is certainly no mean ambition, and if that great master could see the influence he has had on the young man, he would, no doubt, applaud his effort."

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When Toscanini First Took the Baton

HOW LONG A TIME it seems to the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* since Toscanini made his first appearance before an audience!

As far back, it echoes sadly, as 1886—one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-six, if you please, it adds, seeing that the numbers ought to be spelled out as a compliment to Toscanini.

It was at Rio—a city immortalized, we read also, from the circumstance that Toscanini made his début there.

The Italian opera troupe coming to the Brazilian city did not think much of another man who happened then to conduct it. And he, in turn, became infuriated at the way he was treated. So on the eve of a performance of "Aïda" he threw up the sponge or rather the baton. Thereupon:

"At the last moment a substitute was sent to face the audience. The impulsive public thought it was being tricked. There ensued a chorus of whistles, hisses, howls.

"The luckless substitute fled behind the scenes. The musicians were overcome with panic. If this performance proved a failure, the whole season would collapse.

"They implored a composer behind the scenes to conduct. He emerged, gave one glance at the howling crowd, and then he, too, fled.

"What was to be done now?

"All at once a fiddler remembered that a cello player seated obscurely behind him had been given a diploma by a European conservatory for one of his compositions. He was pulled from his seat in the orchestra. Somebody found a coat that would fit his back. They thrust a baton into his hand.

"Without a word of warning, the nineteen-year-old Toscanini took his place in front of the conductor's bit of board.

"At sight of the pallid, ghostly youth, the howling audience paused in its expenditure of its own breath. The youth tapped with his baton. His eye sought each orchestra player with pretty much the same eloquent gaze that is his to-day. The audience felt a sudden interest.

"Here was evidently to be a merry occasion. What did this youthful unknown think he was doing? The members of the orchestra felt a swift inspiration. They realized that this youth had the divine quality—the something impalpable, indefinable, that stamps the genius.

"The public was won. The audience fairly shrieked its delight and enthusiasm at the end of that performance of 'Aïda.' The season was saved.

"'Aïda' was repeated eighteen times at Rio.

"Toscanini won a fame that rang through the whole Latin world, if not overnight, certainly within the year."

THIS our elder friend, Thomas Carlyle, might say was his "Baphometic fire-baptism."

The fires have encircled his brow much of the time since.

His recent encounters with touchy Fascist forces have ended, happily, in his favor. He is safe in Baireuth preparing for the Wagner festival there, and it may be safely assumed that Italian nationalism will never permit its greatest musical genius to disappear from its fold.

Two Tempestuous Singers of Two Eras

Calvé, who carried all before her in "Carmen"; Jeritza, who galvanizes "Tosca" into new life.

Our "Wild-Flower" Talkie Actresses

"TALKIE ACTRESSES ARE STREWN through the woods like wild flowers."

If John S. Cohen, Jr., feels that way about them, we'd expect him to go out every day to gather a sweet nosegay.

But, instead, he seems to find his wild flowers all color and no perfume.

Are they actresses?

Measured by his yardstick, approved by the New York *Sun*, few are:

"The requirements of stardom or acting in general are, first, that you believe every word of the performance; second, that the performer be versatile (i. e., able to play different types of rôles); and third, that the performer be able to lift the play or talkie in which she is appearing by either her technical skill, her alluring qualities, or, preferably, by both.

"At least these are the requirements set down by this department in judging the abilities of the female stars created by the talkies.

"The actresses of the old days of the theater fulfilled them to a great extent—so why not the new celluloid eyefuls?"

THEN he proceeds to glance over "a few of the biggest feminine names in the audible films, and examine them casually in the light of these standards":

"1. GRETA GARBO—Miss Garbo is slow, rather deliberate, obvious and unsubtle in talkies, but she has a fascinating, elusive personality, to say nothing of high-pressure sex appeal. Technically, she is getting better and better, but I notice that since 'Anna Christie' her sponsors are requiring her to play her heavier emotional scenes principally in pantomime.

"2. NANCY CARROLL—Often Miss Carroll is the superior technically of the above-named player. Certainly in 'Devil's Holiday,' and in most of 'Night Angel' she played surely, forcefully, and at times brilliantly and powerfully. She is versatile, too, being fair enough in simple ingenue rôles. She is weakest in light comedy (vide, the opening reels of 'Laughter'), but she probably comes closer to the estate of a legitimate actress or real star material than most of her movie sisters.

"3. MARLENE DIETRICH—Miss Dietrich has a flair for looking cynically, mockingly, and detachedly. Like Garbo, she is slow, and save in 'The Blue Angel,' which was done by German mirrors and Josef von Sternberg, rather unskilful technically, and so far has played the same rôle in her three talkies. She obviously is not versatile, but she has a dynamic sex appeal that fixes audiences so that their minds don't function properly.

"4. TALLULAH BANKHEAD—Miss Bankhead has appeared in only one talking-picture, 'Tarnished Lady,' the last half of which didn't quite make sense. She is obviously an actress, tho, in that she reads lines surely and sincerely and rightly, and she proved this—proved it despite the fact that in the last half of the film her rôle was working actively against her. She belongs, too, among the Grade A screen enticers.

"5. RUTH CHATTERTON—Miss Chatteron is, technically, a rather brilliant actress. She rarely makes a false move. She is weakened occasionally, tho, by a seemingly deliberate affectation, but she has power, and her gasps do wake up the recording machines. I suppose that she is the one talkie star who comes closest to being really an actress."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A Defense of Orthodoxy

AN ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN knocks the stuffing out of the straw man set up by the higher critics.

Mildly impatient, he tells us that enlightened orthodoxy doesn't believe that the world was created on a certain fine day in 4004 B. C., or that one fair morning God sent to the earth a corps of angels bearing a copious edition of King James Bibles, freshly printed and neatly bound in black leather with gilt-edged pages.

Yet the caricature persists.

The orthodox view of the Atonement, says this champion of the faith, is lampooned as a horrible doctrine savoring of the slaughter-house, conversion is made synonymous with the "hit-the-trail" methods of high-pressure revivalism, and foreign missionaries in general are thought to bear a likeness to the missionary in Somerset Maugham's "Rain," who went to pieces under a Freudian impulse.

The would-be sophisticates simply can't be made to see that one can believe and still preserve his intellectual honesty. Now their own intelligence is questioned.

The defender of the evangelicals in this instance is Frank E. Gaebelein, organizer and headmaster of the Stony Brook School, and director of the National Bible Institute. He bangs the critics' heads together, in an article in *The North American Review*, and then tells us how the evangelical reconciles his first-century faith with twentieth-century categories of philosophy and science:

"First of all, the intelligent evangelical bases his religious thinking essentially on facts. For him the question of the historicity of the Bible, especially of the New Testament records, is fundamental.

"Christianity is a religion of fact. Either Christ did or did not live, teach, and minister in ancient Palestine.

"Whether Christ died upon the Cross of Calvary is again at bottom a historic question. So also is the inescapable problem of the Resurrection, tho modern men are prone to forget that this vital event too is capable of historic demonstration.

"Back in the eighteenth century, Gilbert West, in the confidence of his deism, set out to overthrow the historicity of the Resurrection, examined the evidence, and was converted in writing his memorable 'Observations on the History and Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ,' an argument which Dr. Samuel Johnson declared impregnable.

"In 1930 Frank Morison, instead of writing the skeptical treatise he had long contemplated, published instead his fascinating psychological study, 'Who Moved the Stone?' [reviewed in these pages May 10, 1930]. The empty tomb, he found, is not so easily explained away as those who, lacking first-hand study of the sources, fondly believe. One may speak glibly of a spiritual resurrection, of overwrought and nervously unstable disciples, or of the vision theory of Strauss, but the disturbing fact of the rolled-away stone, the empty tomb, and the undeniably far-reaching and cumulative influences of that first Easter morning remain.

"Like Paul, the evangelical believer of to-day looks at this question from an intensely practical point of view. 'If Christ be not risen from the dead,' declared the apostle, 'then is your faith vain; ye are yet in your sins.'"

THE evangelical of 1931, continues the writer, tries to base his belief on honest fact. He notes that there is documentary evidence of every important event in antiquity, that however much the higher critics pare down the synoptic gospels, the core remains supernaturalistic. And, requiring intellectual integrity of himself, he asks the same virtue of those who caricature his views. He is not imprest with the obscenities of this higher critic, the shoddy scholasticism of that one, or the clever wordiness of the other. The spade of archeology is a better witness.

For instance, the writer notes that the flood of Genesis has long been attributed to a Babylonian myth portraying the passage of the sun god in his boat through the heavenly ocean.

"Yet Dr. C. Leonard Woolley's excavations have actually unearthed eight feet of sediment that could have been deposited only by a deluge of unparalleled proportions. Similarly, archeological investigations of the Ziggurats of Mesopotamia afford a basis for an actual Tower of Babel, while excavations in Palestine have shown us that the walls of Jericho fell after all.

"For years every liberal Old Testament scholar has maintained with utmost confidence that the Book of Daniel dates from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes (c. 170 B. C.) rather than from the sixth century B. C., when the historic Daniel lived. This conclusion has long been a commonplace of Biblical criticism.

"But on January 10, 1931, the New York *Times* carried a significant statement by Sir Charles Marston, British archeologist: 'Many Biblical archeologists have doubted the authenticity of the Book of Daniel, but this discovery does much to confirm the historical accuracy of the story of King Belshazzar. Cuneiform writings of the sixth century B. C., inscribed on clay tablets nearly 2,500 years ago, have already been deciphered, giving clear-cut evidence of the reality of Belshazzar and remarkable confirmation of the subject-matter of the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel. I believe the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel ranks next to cuneiform literature in accuracy, so far as outstanding events are concerned.'

"Unfortunately, higher critical scholarship is loath to revise its 'assured results,' so that the intelligentsia, who neither read the Bible nor derive their view of its trustworthiness from first-hand sources, are still bound by the conjectures of a past generation."

HIS own inner experience also confirms the beliefs of the evangelical. Objectively, too, we read, there is plenty of evidence that the New Testament faith still works. In the last analysis the evangelical is not concerned with the gibes of the intelligentsia. He remembers what St. Paul said: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he can not know them, because they are spiritually discerned." St. Paul was but following his Master, Who said: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God."

"The realm of the spiritual," says Mr. Gaebelein, "stands quite apart from the merely human plane; one enters it only through a transforming inner experience of God through Christ." Little wonder, then, he remarks, that minds lacking this experience "see in Christianity nothing but dogmas, ritual, or ideals outmoded by modern thought."

"Finally, the intelligent evangelical is a much more tolerant person than his caricaturists realize.

"The clashes of denominationalism, the aberrations of the organized Church, he recognizes and deplores. When the Church substitutes for the proclamation of the Gospel the objectives of

Worship

By Daniel Henderson

I CAME at sundown to a wood
In which it seemed tall angels stood
With wings outstretched in silver light
To bar the onset of the night.

The firmament and earth were blent
In silent, mystic sacrament,
And I in my humanity—
Alien to star and rock and tree—
Was changed and quickened and attuned
To heaven and earth as they communed.

Worldly I was, and in me still
Is earthy aim and fleshly will,
Yet I remember how I stood
Transcended in the evening wood.

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

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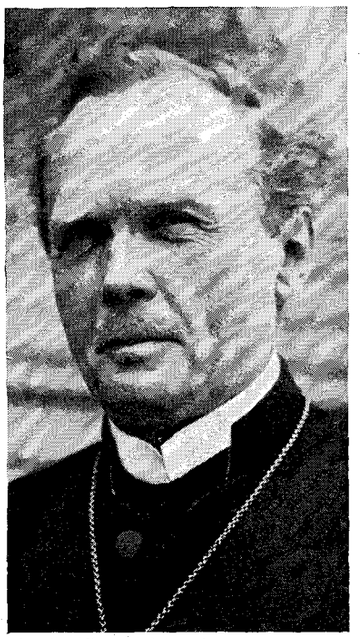
social and moral reform, he fears that it has deviated from its central purpose.

"However worthy and essential such objectives may be, they follow, not precede, the Christian evangel, and to give them the first place is to put the cart before the horse. Only, therefore, in so far as it obeys the great commission of Christ to make known the good news does he consider the organized Church spiritually effective.

"True Christians he finds in many folds and even outside the recognized communions. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, many another creed have, in his mind, no monopoly on vital religion.

"The hall-mark of the real follower of Christ, the badge that unites all true believers, is, for him, a common acceptance and submission to the will of the Risen Christ, the divine Savior, the One who, in the words of John the Baptist, 'taketh away the sin of the world.'

"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, all the other great virtues he recognizes as essential indications of the Christian life. But he also realizes that these, as Paul says, are 'the fruit of the Spirit,' and that the one thing needful is the transforming personal relationship to Christ the Savior."



International Newsreel photograph

A Primate of Peace

Archbishop Nathan Soederblom of Upsala, late leader of the Lutherans and a world personality.

A "Spiritual Viking"

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE for Protestantism to have a Pope, Archbishop Nathan Soederblom would have qualified for that position.

The tribute to the great Lutheran leader, who died quite suddenly recently, is from Dr. Alfred E. Garvie, President of the English Free Church Council. It is widely echoed in the religious circles of the world.

For Dr. Soederblom, who, besides being Archbishop of Upsala, was prochancellor of the University of Upsala, Sweden's most ancient institution of learning, was regarded as a giant among churchmen. A leader of the Lutheran Church, as the New York *Times* goes on to tell us, he also became a world personality for his untiring efforts to unify the churches in the struggle for universal peace.

His efforts were rewarded in earthly fashion when he received the Nobel Peace Prize last year at Oslo. His friends represented many religious and intellectual groups, and his writings include researches into church history, scientific and political questions. Universities in eight countries awarded him honorary degrees. The University of Paris honored him by making him a Doctor of Theology, the only foreigner ever to receive that honor from the Sorbonne. He was Professor of Comparative Theology at the University of Leipzig from 1912 to 1914, and for a number of years he held the chair of Relative History at the University of Upsala. He also was a member of the Swedish Academy.

The spiritual Viking was born in the province of Helsingland, Sweden, January 15, 1866. From 1894 to 1901 he was rector of the Swedish Church in Paris. He mastered ten languages that he might carry on his religious research, in which he was considered an authority. Most of his works have been translated into English.

IN 1923 he visited the United States under the auspices of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship, delivering a series of lectures at Harvard, Yale, and other universities, and being received at the White House by President Coolidge. Three years later, at Geneva, Dr. Soederblom warned the League of Nations that if it would live, its members must refrain from attempts to satisfy their own political ambitions and realize that the League must be made an instrument for the operation of divine justice. In 1927 he was a member of the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne.

A TEACHER and preacher of evangelistic temper, says *The Times* editorially, Archbishop Soederblom took an interest in men of the lowest estate, and debated with those in the highest:

"But the World War drew him into the current of its strifes. Henceforth he gave himself, tho in the midst of his ecclesiastical duties, to helping to mitigate the woes of the world, and to prevent another disaster, calling the churches of the earth without regard to creed to join in a movement that would sweep the earth clear of wreckage and of fear, if only they were united.

"His indefatigable labor in this cause undoubtedly shortened his life, tho it gave him a primacy among those who inherit the earth. In the Poetic Edda, Thor asks one who 'knowest the doom of men' what the place is called 'beheld of the high one in each and every world.' And the answer was: '"Heaven" men call it; "the Highest" the gods.' This 'high one' in our world, Nathan Soederblom, deserves whatever 'height' is accorded as a residence to those who have finished their course with spiritual distinction here on the earth. There is a certain satisfaction that before he left he got one prize at least of his high calling, and at the hands of humanity whom he so zealously, spiritedly served."

Another tribute comes from Dr. Samuel Trexler, President of the United Lutheran Synod of New York, who had known Archbishop Soederblom for the last twenty years. As he is quoted in *The Times*, Dr. Trexler says of his late friend:

"His enthusiasm for life was most contagious, and no one could spend any time in his presence without feeling the urge to enter into the new world which he was evidently exploring. The greatest satisfaction with him, however, finally lay in this—that all knowledge centered in Christ."

Missions on Trial in China

A TIME of testing is at hand for missionaries in China. Under a new ruling, all institutions conducted by foreign churches and organizations in that country must "register" by the end of this month. They must comply with all the regulations, including the contested one of making all religious courses wholly voluntary.

This, notes the Hartford *Times*, will add point to the question as to what is the true aim of evangelistic effort. In recent decades, we are told, the stress has been on education at the expense of simply "preaching the Gospel," and the result "has been the 'civilizing' rather than the 'christianizing' of the peoples in whose behalf the effort was made."

Christian churches, thinks *The Times*, will be helped rather than hindered by being compelled to leave to native response how their proffer of help shall be accepted and translated into Chinese life.

Recalling that a group of American churchmen are looking into what should be the proper scope of missionary effort under modern conditions, this paper says that—

"Incentive to this inquiry has been the increasing feeling that missionary method had been taking in too much territory and was veering from its central and historic purpose to 'teach all nations whatsoever I have commanded you.'

"The dynamic for making a contribution to the lives of non-Christian peoples will probably be increased rather than lessened by adherence to this original commission to herald a strictly religious evangel."

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The Rub in Teaching Religion in the Schools

THE "TACIT DENIAL OF RELIGION" in the public schools is again sternly protested by that defender of religious instruction, Dr. Luther A. Weigle, dean of the Yale Divinity School.

The danger, he adds in an address at the University of Virginia's Institute of Public Affairs, is greater to-day than ever before because the schools are "taking on the dimensions of life itself," and "providing for the education of children in practically every other human interest."

The omission and ignoring of religion by such schools, he argues, as a staff correspondent of the New York *Times* quotes him, "conveys a powerful condemnatory suggestion," the effect of which is "to surrender these schools to the sectarianism of atheism or irreligion," in violation of "the principle of religious freedom, which is designed to protect religious belief, not to hinder or destroy it."

Public schools in many States continue the reading from the Bible and the use of the Lord's Prayer, he points out. "They can and should in all of their teaching," he urges, "refer to religion naturally and wholesomely, without dogmatism, without bias, without affectation or strain. They should manifest due reverence for God and due respect for religious beliefs. They can teach that morality is more than custom, public opinion, or legal enactment; they can point to its grounding in the structure of the universe and in the nature of God."

SECTARIANISM must be kept out of the schools, Dr. Weigle continues; "but that does not necessitate stripping the schools of religion. The distinction between sectarianism and religion is clear to all sensible men, and has been maintained in a multitude of decisions made by our courts."

For the elimination of religious teaching from the schools Dr. Weigle blames, not the schools, but the "quarrels and protests of the churches or folk who assume to speak in their behalf." "It was not infidels or atheists that stript the public schools of religion," he says; "it was people who spoke in the name of religion."

But an interesting question is raised by *America:*

"Suppose—and the supposition is quite commonly verified in fact—that the teacher herself is an atheist. Shall she be compelled to teach what she believes to be untrue? Or shall our school boards set up theological synods to frame religious tests, to be passed by teacher candidates, and oaths of loyalty to religion, to be taken as a condition of appointment to the schools?"

Obviously, that is impossible, says this Roman Catholic weekly. Many people profess no religious creed. Many are atheists. "So long as we stick to the folly and the sectarianism, now embodied in most of our State Constitutions, which forbid religious teaching in any school supported by the public, we shall be forced to tolerate schools dedicated to 'the sectarianism of atheism or irreligion.'"

As *America* sees it, then:

"The immediate remedy lies in the foundation of schools which give Almighty God His proper place in education, and in the heart of the child.

"The remote remedy is an educational campaign which will delete the constitutional inhibitions now existing, to permit legislation on the Quebec plan. That plan allows the support of religious schools, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, for Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish children.

"The plan works well. It is the only plan that does not penalize the religious-minded parent to subsidize atheistic and irreligious schools.

"And what place have schools of that kind in the United States? They are a menace to religion, to morality, and to the perpetuation of those institutions that are most peculiarly American."

Camp of the Fallen

By Imogen Clark

BETTER to face the goal beyond our scaling,
Quiet at last, knowing the end has come,
Rather than with our lowered banners trailing
To take the paths of safety leading home.

In vain shall any lesser lights be burning
For us who glimpsed the Vision from afar;
We shall go down the road of unreturning,
Broken and spent but faithful to a star.

Oh, let them say when men shall tell our story:
"True was their quest, deep-loved, though unattained;
Their futile striving held some seeds of glory,
Their shattered dreams the heights they never gained."

—*The Times, New York.*

The Sermon Marathon

"TWENTY MINUTES WITH A LEANING to mercy," was once declared by a divine to be the ideal length for a sermon.

Half an hour, without any such compassionate concession to human frailty and impatience, is the length recently recommended by the Archbishop of York.

These classical cautions to ministers are recalled by the London *Times*, which has heard the resounding echoes of the sermon marathon in the United States. Unfortunately, perhaps, it is not reported whether any souls were saved by these vast surveys of sin.

IN a little town in Louisiana, an Associated Press dispatch informs us, a Baptist minister made the roof ring for fifty-eight and one-half hours, establishing a non-stop record. He marked time long enough to change his shirt, and then set out to establish a lung record of 100 hours.

"The Lord is responsible for his holding out so long," said the minister's wife, without telling how she knew it.

From Los Angeles comes word that a preacher expounded the gospel for twenty-one hours and five minutes—a record flight of rhetoric up to that time.

A week or more before him, another Los Angelan scored the world, the flesh, and the devil for twenty hours, stopping only for sips of lemon juice.

He said, we read, that he felt better than when he started. How the congregation felt is not mentioned.

Preceding this Los Angelan, a colored pastor in Washington, D. C., exercised his vocabulary and vocal organs for twelve hours and ten minutes, sustaining and cheering himself in the great task by eating four lamb chops and the leg of a chicken. He claimed the world's championship, but not for long.

After taking breath, the Hartford *Courant*, among others, wonders whether any of these records were worth the while. It thinks that "the preacher would do well to think of a notable text, 'Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.'" The Birmingham *News* is content to admire the statistics. The twelve-hour sermon contained 88,794 words by official count, but *The News* reminds us that the story of creation as related in the Book of Genesis is told (its own count) in 797 words.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Two poems out of three that *Poetry* (Chicago) dedicates to cats are given for those who cherish these household pets. The general title is "These Are Cats."

AN INHIBITED PERSIAN

By Richard Hart

The days pace by in weary seemliness,
The hours repeat themselves from night to morn.
Alas, why should one trouble to desire
When appetite is satiate ere it's born?

And yet her heart demands, can this be all?
Reason says yes; but something else says no.
The problem haunts her through the silent days—
"I guess it's life, but oh, *mon Dieu*, it's slow!"

The languor of her deeply pillowed bed,
The Haviland that holds her morning cream,
A pleasant brush that lifts her fur and tickles—
These cannot still the workings of a dream.

April is here—O Madam, guard your treasure;
Bast and Astarte have her in their grips.
Beware lest they should find the door ajar
And call your kitten to Apocalypse!

A MOTHER WITH YOUNG KITTENS

By Richard Hart

Torn between hunger and maternal cares,
She puts her nose beneath the fence to spy,
Reluctant to abandon to the night
The barrel where her sons and daughters lie.

The scented air awakes her gourmet's soul;
With upward shoving nose and agile claw
She pries the cover from the refuse can
And in the crack insinuates her paw.

Meticulous as any chatelaine
Choosing the courses when the king's to dine,
She worries out a well-picked knob of veal,
A crab claw and a haddock's sorry spine.

I move a step; she hears, and terrified
She seeks to bear away her grisly prize.
The bone is dropped in flight; upon my face
She turns reproachful grey madonna eyes.

Scenes of the Civil War in the mind of a Negro primitive. From the Chicago *Tribune:*

PRICE'S MISSOURI RAID

By Aborigine

Ole Pap Price is er stahtin' on er raid
An' us Mizzouah Niggahs is boun' t' be afraid—
Sweet Jesus mus' save;
Little Jo Shelby rides hiz big mustang.
De cannun go wham and de pistuls go bang—
Sweet Jesus mus' save;
De rebs dey yell and de guns sho' rattle—
Bad Bill Ande'son's goin' into battle—
Sweet Jesus fly down!

Now heah come dat Gin'rul Ma'maduke—
Ah need Saint Paul and mebby Saint Luke—
Sweet Jesus staht yo' wings;
Heah comes Cunnel Perkins on hees ole mule,
Hit switches hit's tail an' kicks lak a fool—
Sweet Jesus now come;
Fo' de wood am full of de bad bushwhackahs
Shootin' off sumpin' lak big fiahcrackahs—
Sweet Jesus come erlong!

Dey say Jeff Davis need a lot o' mo' men,—
Old Pap Price 'ill git a millyun an' ten—
Sweet Jesus on high;
Down on Centralia swoop Gene Quant'ell
Ridin' an' shootin' an' yellin' lak hell—
Sweet Jesus come er runnin';
Price swing up de rivah an' mash down de Dutch—
Ah fink we Niggahs am in de Debbil's clutch—
Sweet Jesus mus' save!

Dey say old Pap kain't hahdly see,
But he fights lak hell fo' Rob'ut E. Lee—
Sweet Jesus retuhn;
De rebs am in rags but dey sho' shoot straight,
Den dey fall an' fly to de Golden Gate—
Sweet Jesus fo'give;
Dey cause may be los' but nevah dey soul—
Touch good Lohd an' make 'em all whole—
Sweet Jesus 'ill smile.

Every one has his trunkful of souvenirs, some of wo, some of weal; but is it better to keep the lid down? *Carmel Pine Cone* answers:

THE OLD TRUNK

By George Allan England

These ancient hopes, age-long forgotten fears,
Once golden dreams, now faded leaden-cold;
These burned-out fires of hatred, blinding tears
Of love betrayed in days so dimly old;
These musty souvenirs, and meaningless
Sad trinkets, pictures, letters—how they press
Upon your heart, with ghostly memories!
And now this curl of hair, with ribbon tied—
(What was her name? How long ago she died!)
And did you one-time weep for such as these?
And was this ever real?
To-day's harsh pain,
Black grief, despair and eager joy shall presently
Blur to such monotones as these, and cease to be.

So, close the dusty trunk—and smile again! . . .

One who turns back to Chaucer—a man of deeds as well as words—for help for modern poets. In F. P. A.'s column in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

FOR GEOFFREY CHAUCER, CITIZEN OF LONDON, INFORMING HIM OF THE PRESENT FINE ALOOFNESS OF OUR POETS, AND CRAVING, AT LEAST RHETORICALLY, A REPLY; THIS SONNET

By B. R. R.

Life claimed you first, and after life came art;
The great thing held the smaller in your scheme;
But now the whole yields honor to the part,
And poets fly reality for dream.
Words are their deeds, and words their anodyne;
The stumbling world slips back, then lurches on,
While unconcerned they rub their phrases fine,
And scan the latest news from Helicon.
Burgher and soldier, King's ambassador,
Clerk of the Royal Works, Member for Kent,
Customs Controller; you whose precious store
Of days and years was prodigally spent
For England—speak! and let your words take wing;
Time was when poets could both serve and sing.

Knowing that in spite of everything humanity repeats itself, must we always go about meeting the well-known folks of Tyre and Sidon *et al.*? *Harper's Magazine* warns:

SIC TRANSIT . . .

By Sara Henderson Hay

The Cities of the Plain are dust,
Assyria is fox's plunder;
Sidon and Tyre to silence thrust,
Nineveh fallen with fire and thunder . . .
Across the margin of the world
The drift of Babylon is swirled,
And centuries of rot and rust
Have gnawed Capernaum asunder.

Stone crumbles—but more stanchly fares
A Dust incredibly translated . . .
Judas still haggles at his wares,
Cain is forever new-created;
Delilah in a Paris frock
Goes out to tea at five o'clock;
Salome climbs the Subway stairs;
Potiphar takes the Elevated!

This looks on the present and to the future. A song of the modern powers that control our lives. From *Public Utilities Fortnightly* (Washington):

A SONG OF POWER

By Berton Braley

This is the song of the waters churning,
Waters harnessed to serve our need;
This is the song of the turbines turning—
Smoothly turning, athrill with speed;
The song of dynamos deeply purring,
Driven by water or spun by steam;
Song of a myriad motors whirring
With wizardry stranger than any dream.

This is the song of the "juice" which surges
Over the web of the far flung lines,
The might of the silent force that urges
The lathe in the shop, the cage in the mines;
The force that lightens the task of labor
That harries the dark from the face of earth,
That brings us closer—neighbor to neighbor—
And spans, in a second, the planet's girth.

This is a song of the Men who master
Motor, dynamo, fuse, and switch,
Who lift our life to a pace that's faster,
Who move the world—by a finger-twitch.
Men in office and laboratory,
Men who work with the thunderbolts,
Who outmatch even Aladdin's story
With a magic lamp—of a million volts!

This is a song of modern wonder,
Of visions lagging behind the fact
Of glamor over the earth—and under;
Of torrents fettered and mountains cracked;
Of cities bathed in a glow resplendent,
Of light and power that serve the farm,
Of nature conquered and Man ascendant
With Thought the wand that has wrought the charm.

This is the song of the singing wires
That throb responsive to serve our will,
The song of a Genie that never tires
But toils for greater enchantments still;
A Song of Now—and the days before us
With vaster marvels for us to scan
A song whose jubilant lifting chorus
Rings with the hopes and the dreams of Man!

Among our war heroes romance seems to cling closer to Seeger than to most others. The New York *Sun* prints the following:

TO ALAN SEEGER

By Gibbs Hofmann

(July 4, 1931, marks the fifteenth year that has passed since the young poet Alan Seeger fell on the crimson fields of France while charging upon the German trenches at Belloy-en-Santierre.)

Dear, budding soul, how well we knew
You could not fail that rendezvous.

Now your disputed barricade
And that scarred slope of battered hill
In Maytime's sweetness stand arrayed;
And in Belloy-en-Santierre
The shouts of children pierce the air.
Aye! Where you fought and carried through
That peace forever would be still
The spring returns each year for you
And scatters blossoms at your feet.
To-night the moonlight's misty down
Caresses your once flaming town
Where life no longer sounds retreat;
And all that's indistinctly seen
With your fair memory is green.

Dear, budding soul, not you—not *you!*—
But Death has failed that rendezvous!

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When a Nation

This new era of widespread personal power is filling so strange a place in history that even those of us who are thinking about it are baffled most of the time.

We buy an automobile, for example, and plump ourselves down into its soft seats, never realizing that the untold millions of people who have swept through history have lived and died without even the vainest dream of the power that comes to us with the simple turning of a switch and the pressure of a toe.

We are like a nation of kings, each of us on his own throne, behind the wheel of his own power.

* * * * *

If you want to get a thrill which will stay with you for the rest of your life, stop your car some time when you are in some far distant land, call one of the peasants in from the field, put him, barefooted, at the wheel, and spend an hour in teaching him to drive. Gradually, as the fear goes out of him and this thing of life comes under his control, you will see his gnarled hands grip the wheel, you'll see his shoulders straighten and a look of awe come into his face that you will never forget.

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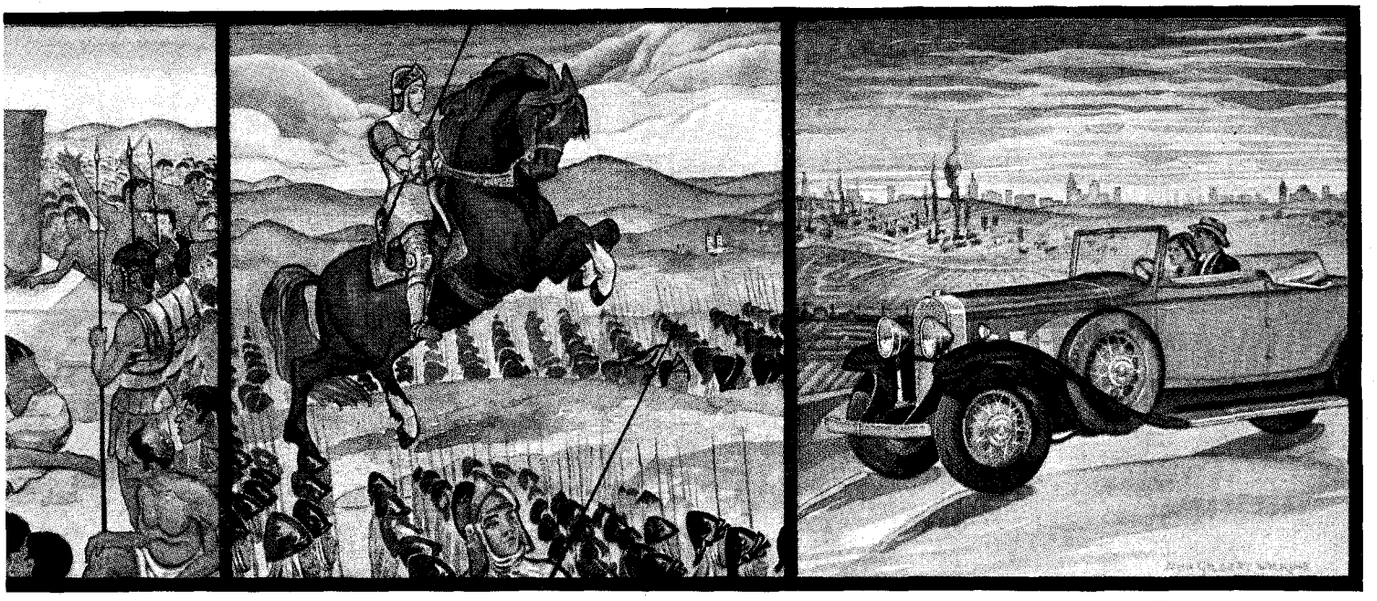

Sits On a Throne

And you will suddenly realize that what you are looking at is the thing that mankind has been striving for through all the centuries — that longing for personal power that has suddenly been fulfilled.

We say quite casually to a friend, "I've just bought a new car." And we get in and drive off without ever a thought of what it means in the history of the world. We swing down the boulevard with a sense of equality and of personal power such as the world in its past has only dreamed of in its wildest dreams.

We have a carriage of wood and steel and beauty beside which any of the old coaches of state seem crude and cumbersome. We have a motor the feel of which transcends any previous sense of power mankind has ever known. And a speed which in any of the old mythologies would have given us the quality of gods instead of men.

And yet, because we live in this strange era, because ours is a part of this new equality of power, because nothing like us has ever happened before, we sum it all up in the casual remark, "I've just bought a new automobile."

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET ▲ PONTIAC ▲ OLDSMOBILE ▲ OAKLAND ▲ BUICK ▲ LA SALLE ▲ CADILLAC ▲ BODIES BY FISHER

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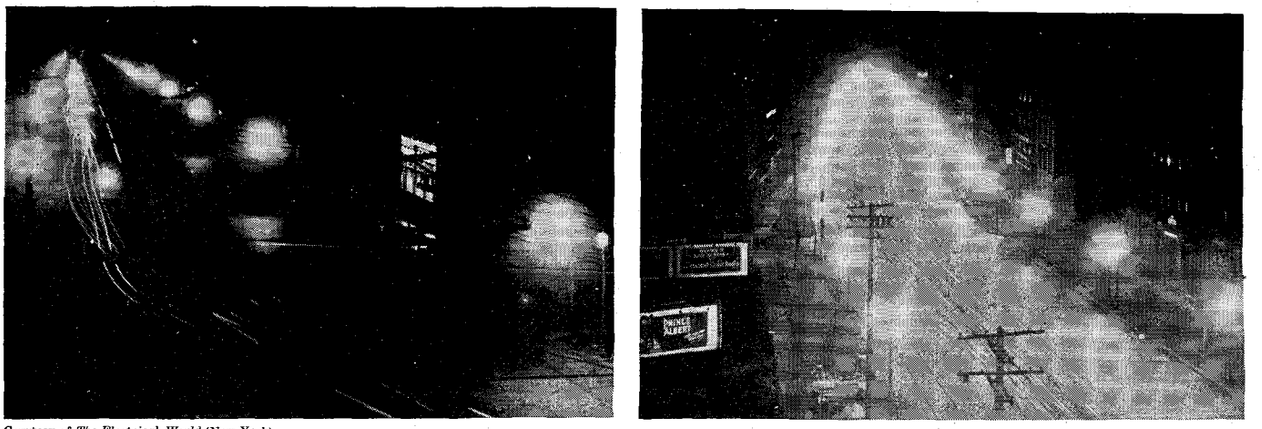

Courtesy of *The Electrical World* (New York)

Six to Eight Fatalities a Year Dropt to Two a Year After Improved Lighting

Investigation shows that "after daylight has failed or is failing, about one-third of the traffic produces almost two-thirds of the fatalities. By day two-thirds of the traffic produces only one-third of the fatalities. The relative night hazard, therefore, is about four times the day hazard. S. J. Williams, director of the National Safety Council, concludes that about 35 per cent. of night-traffic accidents are directly or indirectly attributable to lack of illumination. There would seem to be ample justification for comprehensive trials of highway lighting, to determine to what extent it will reduce this appalling night hazard."

How Street Lighting Reduces Traffic Dangers

ONE WAY TO CUT DOWN the appalling total of traffic accidents is pointed out by Kirk M. Reed, illuminating engineer of the General Electric Company, in an article contributed to *The Electrical World* (New York).

His palliative is simply adequate street lighting.

That it will work, he shows by tests made on the streets of Cleveland and on the State highways of Indiana. Writes Mr. Reed:

"Three surveys may be cited in support of the statement that it is possible to correlate the traffic accidents with the adequacy or inadequacy of street lighting.

"Many variables are involved in the frequency of traffic accidents—traffic density, pedestrian density, season weather, law enforcement, etc. An index which appears to give results largely independent of these variable factors other than lighting is that of the comparison of two ratios.

"One of these is the ratio of night to day accidents on well-lighted streets; the other the same ratio for poorly lighted streets. The disparity between these two may be regarded as representing the actual reduction which has been experienced in night hazard, under local conditions, through adequate street lighting.

"An analysis of the three surveys indicates that adequate lighting does and will decrease the night accidents.

"One of our earliest investigations on the relation between street lighting and traffic accidents was conducted in the city of Cleveland during the year 1923. This investigation consisted of a comparison of the night-traffic experience on four main thoroughfares. Two of these, Euclid Avenue and Woodland Avenue, were well lighted. The other two, Superior Avenue and St. Clair Avenue, were poorly lighted.

"An analysis of the Police Department records showed that during the daytime, when, of course, there was no difference in the illumination on these streets, Euclid and Woodland avenues had more traffic fatalities than the other two.

"At night, however, the situation was reversed.

"During the year there was only one night fatality on Euclid and one on Woodland, the two well-lighted streets, whereas on poorly lighted St. Clair there were seven night fatalities, and on poorly lighted Superior there were eight. Apparently the presence of the good lighting had a marked effect in reducing the night-traffic fatalities."

A NEW lighting system on Superior Avenue was placed in operation October 9, 1925. From January 1 to October 9, 1925, there were five night fatalities on Superior Avenue. This is at the rate of something over six a year. During the twelve-month period following the installation of the good lighting system there was only one night fatality on the street, and during the second twelve months there were only three—an average of two a year. Mr. Reed goes on:

"St. Clair Avenue was not relighted until October 1, 1927. During the twelve-month period before the installation of the good lighting system there were six night fatalities on the street, and there were also six night fatalities during the second preceding twelve-month period. The year following the installation of the good lighting system there were three night fatalities on St. Clair Avenue—and during the second twelve months there was only one. Here, as on Superior Avenue, there was an average of only two night fatalities a year under good lighting, as compared with an average of six or more under poor lighting.

"One might safely conclude from the traffic-fatality experience on these two thoroughfares that the good lighting systems had accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of them.

"The foregoing investigation covered relatively short stretches of heavily traveled thoroughfares. Our next logical step is a broader investigation, covering all the traffic fatalities in the city.

"A yardstick for measuring the efficacy of highway lighting is merely a comparison between the ratio of the night accidents to the day accidents on the well-lighted streets with the ratio on the poorly lighted streets.

"The complete Cleveland analysis following this method shows that on the well-lighted residence streets there were no night fatalities, as compared with six on the poorly lighted residence streets.

"On the poorly lighted thoroughfares there were 81 per cent. more fatalities by night than by day, whereas on the well-lighted thoroughfares there were only 19 per cent more. The net result is that under Cleveland conditions about 35 per cent—something over one out of three—of the night-traffic fatalities may be avoided by proper street lighting."

THE third investigation covers all the traffic fatalities on the State roads of Indiana for the twelve months ended August 31, 1930. Of this, the writer says:

"To summarize the data, 37 per cent. of the fatal accidents occurred during the day, 9 per cent. during dusk, and 54 per cent. after dark. This analysis does not cover county or township roads, but it does cover all the Indiana State roads for a full year.

"After daylight has failed or is failing, about one-third of the traffic produces almost two-thirds of the fatalities. By day two-thirds of the traffic produces only one-third of the fatalities. The relative night hazard, therefore, is about four times the day hazard.

"S. J. Williams, director of the National Safety Council, concludes that about 35 per cent of night-traffic accidents are directly or indirectly attributable to lack of illumination. There would seem to be ample justification for comprehensive trials of highway lighting, to determine to what extent it will reduce this appalling night hazard."

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Putting the Signals in the Cab

THERE IS LITTLE DANGER that the modern locomotive engineer will run by a signal without heeding it.

For the signal is now shown not only by the side of the track, but in the engine itself, in miniature.

If it is unheeded, the engineer's attention is attracted by a whistle, which keeps up until he "acknowledges" it by throwing a switch.

The Scientific American (New York) tells us that this system of cab signals is now in use on 4,243 locomotives and electric cars, and that engineers prefer it to any form of automatic stop device, altho both systems may be used together. We read:

"Railroading is much safer to-day than it was even a decade ago.

"The automatic train-stop was a great milestone on the road to railway safety, and now we have a tested system which reproduces in the cab the indications of the wayside signal, and tells of track conditions ahead.

"One of the great handicaps with which the engine crews have always had to contend is an obscured view of the signals caused by fog, rain, or smoke from passing trains.

"Cab-duplicated signals, when indicating danger, if unheeded by the engineer, blow a whistle in the cab which will cease only when the engineer turns the acknowledging switch.

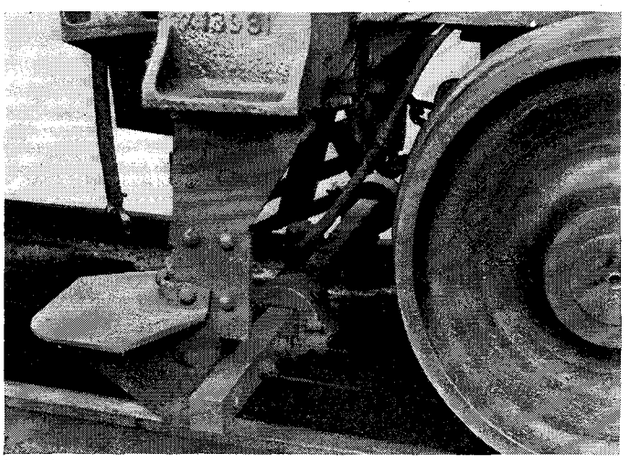
"What happens is that as an engineer sees a wayside signal, it is picked up and placed alongside his gages. The signal currents are picked up through space while traveling at high speed without physical contact of any kind.

"A poll of enginemen running between New York and Washington showed that they voted 449 for the cab signal and eight for automatic control. The saving in mental wear and tear is very great.

"The mechanism on the locomotive is controlled by energy from the track circuit in which a code transmitter is connected across the rails at the exit end of the block. The track current is interrupted by means of the code transmitter situated at the signal, the number of times per minute depending upon the condition of the track in advance—180 per minute for 'clear,' 120 per minute for 'approach restricting,' 80 per minute for 'approach,' and a steady current or absence of current for 'caution slow speed.'"

THE means by which the control is transmitted from the rails to the engine, we are told, is an iron bar, built up of layers, on which are two coils connected so that the voltages induced in them by the normal track currents are additive. It is mounted six inches above the rails, ahead of the front truck when the engine is equipped for forward running. The writer goes on:

"The equipment box is usually mounted on the pilot deck of the locomotive, altho elsewhere, if more convenient.



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

The Iron Bar That Picks Up the Signals

It is mounted just ahead of the forward wheels.

"The voltage induced in the receiver coils is delivered to the amplifier, which in turn delivers to the electrical apparatus on the engine a greatly increased amount of electrical power for its reliable and safe operation.

"The cab signals, controlled by relays, indicate the track conditions ahead. These signals may be provided for both engineman and fireman. The cab signal is placed in such a position in the cab that it is in line with the engineman's vision as he watches the track ahead. If the signal indication is ignored, a warning whistle sounds. An acknowledging switch is located within convenient reach of the engineman.

"Over eighteen roads have adopted cab signaling in one form or another, and as time goes on vast installations will probably be added to those already in being. The track mileage equipped for continuous cab-signal operation, if connected, would provide for a three-track-road from New York to Omaha, and a double-track road from Omaha to San Francisco. Over 6,700 miles of track and 4,243 locomotives and multiple-unit electric cars are equipped with these systems.

"Inventors here and abroad have been attempting to solve the problem of the cab signal since 1850, and some of the devices have considerable merit, but they practically all depended on some form of contact, while the successful system we have described depends on a receiver mounted above and out of contact with the rail or any other object."

X-Rays Without X-Ray Tubes

X-RAYS have been produced by a new method, which does not require the use of the usual X-ray tube, by M. G. Reboul of the physics laboratory, at Montpellier, France.

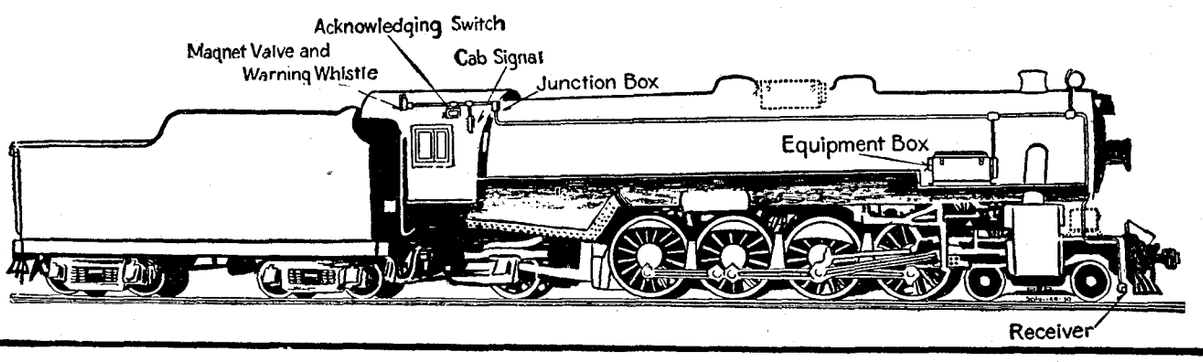
The X-rays are produced when electric currents are driven through solids of great resistance with the help of high electrical pressures.

We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"In materials that conduct the electric current badly, like the magnesia, alum, and yellow oxid of mercury which are used in these experiments, most of the voltage used is taken up in driving the current across one end of the specimen. At this point where the large fall of voltage occurs, X-rays of low penetration are produced.

"In order not to interfere with the emission of the radiation, the electrode at which this large fall of voltage occurs is given a grid form.

"The material used in this interesting experiment is in the form of rods, about three and a half inches long and an inch in diameter, surrounded by ebonite, and an arrangement is provided for pressing the electrodes against the ends of the rod by means of an ebonite screw. X-ray photographs of the usual type have been obtained with this arrangement, which is very much simpler than the usual type of apparatus."



The Signal Brought Into the Engineer's Cab: "Railroading is Much Safer To-day"

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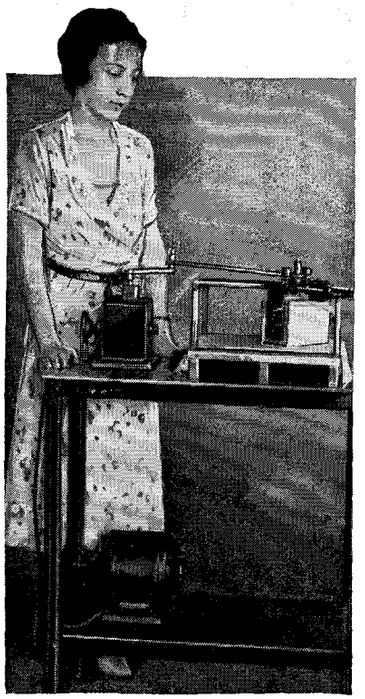
When Will Your Suit Wear Out?

HOW LONG THAT NEW OVERCOAT will keep you warm, or a summer suit will keep you cool, is no longer guesswork, but a matter of scientific testing.

Textile engineers and chemists now determine the wearing qualities of cloth before the material is even bought by the manufacturer, much less made into suits. We read in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago):



Testing the Wear

Rubbing machine that tests months of wear in a few hours.

"Just how long a pair of trousers, or the elbow of a coat, will last is now a matter of accurate calculation in the laboratory, which also finds what the hot summer sun will do to dyes, whether a coat is rainproof, and the effects of perspiration.

"For the elbow-rubbing test, a piece of cloth is fastened to a board, and another piece attached to a movable arm. A small machine is started, and the effect is the same as the sleeve of a coat brushing against the side of a garment.

"Each rub is recorded on a counter, and the results are tabulated for each kind of material. In addition to the rubbing, in testing summer materials, an acid is added that has the same effect as perspiration on the cloth.

"The result of a few hours on the testing machine is the same as playing tennis daily for two months with a coat made of the material, tightly buttoned about the player. Other materials are impregnated with the acid having the effect of perspiration and then tested on an apparatus which determines the force necessary to tear the cloth.

"An electric arc in a few hours tells whether or not sunshine will fade colors, and rainproofing is indicated by applying a certain amount of moisture and determining the time required for the dampness to pass through.

"To determine warmth, a sample is placed tightly over the top of an electrically heated cylinder. The cylinder is insulated so all the heat must escape through the cloth. Ammeters determine the amount of heat in the cylinder, and thermometers the amount escaping."

Headaches Make Girls Do More Work

THIS has been discovered by Dr. Geoffrey A. Haylock of London, as reported by Dr. C. O. Sappington, Industrial Health Expert of the National Safety Council, in Chicago. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"In the course of studies of the amounts of work done by women factory employees Dr. Haylock had each girl note down daily on a special blank how she felt that day, including whether or not she had any headache.

"When these blanks were checked up at the end of each week and compared with the records of work done, everybody was astonished to discover that many of the girls actually did more work on days when they had reported headaches than on days when they felt entirely well.

"Two reasons finally seem probable, Dr. Haylock decided, for this paradoxical fact.

"One is that girls with headaches are less interested than usual in their surroundings and their companions. Accordingly, they do less talking and their attention is less distracted. They are likely to do more work, especially if the work is on a piece-work basis, where each worker can speed up or let down individually without being affected by the others.

"The second of Dr. Haylock's suggestions is that mild pain often can be relieved by concentrating the attention on some task. Some of the girl workers apparently concentrate on their work in order to forget their headaches, which results in more work accomplished at the end of the day.

"Neither Dr. Haylock nor Dr. Sappington advises, however, that headaches be encouraged as an aid to factory efficiency. A headache, Dr. Sappington insists, is a warning of something wrong and should lead at once to search for the cause."

Sun-Tan and Sunburn

THE FORMER IS HARMLESS and the latter is harmful. So says Dr. Charles F. Pabst, dermatologist of Greenpoint Hospital, New York.

People who try for sun-tan, however, are apt to go too far and get sunburn, so the fact that sun-tan will not be fashionable this year is hailed by Dr. Pabst as a saver of lives and money. Says the Brooklyn *Times:*

"Last year's frantic efforts to acquire a bronzed epidermis will not be repeated in 1931, because the business depression has emphasized the waste resulting from an annual loss of 200,000 working days due to illness from sunburn.

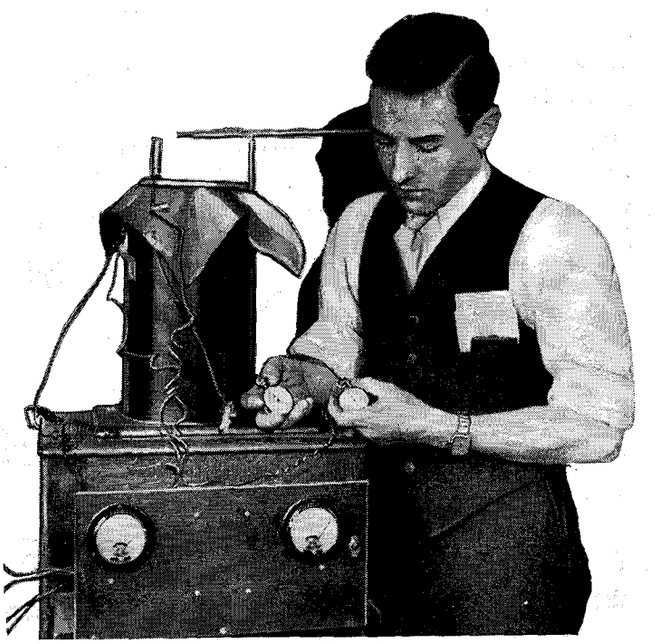
"These conclusions were exprest by Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist at Greenpoint Hospital, who several years ago labeled as a 'heliophobe' the person whose skin the sun reddens, blisters, and burns, but does not tan. He estimated the money value of the economic loss from sunburn illness at more than $1,400,000 a year.

"Deaths from sunstroke in New York in 1930 totaled ninety, outnumbering the deaths caused by elevated cars, subways, steam-cars or electric surface-cars in the same period, said Dr. Pabst.

"'Dame Fashion has finally surrendered to science,' the dermatologist said. 'In the majority of instances, the sunburn which caused the illness that resulted in the tremendous loss of working time was deliberately and intentionally acquired. This high economic loss could be prevented if a little care and judgment were exercised. The present period of depression may account for the abolition of the sun-tan vogue. Many persons who tried to acquire a sun-tan found their skin reddened, blistered, and burned, but that it did not tan. Such persons are heliophobes.

"'In a heliophobe, the skin cells lack the ability to manufacture pigment, and for this reason the skin will not tan. Sunburn or sunstroke will be the fate of heliophobes if they persist in overexposure to the sun.'

"Dr. Pabst predicted a marked decrease in the number of victims of sunburn this summer. He said he also expects fewer fatalities from sunstroke."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics Magazine* (Chicago)

Testing for Warmth

The cylinder is heated, and the heat escapes only through the cloth at the top.

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In less than one week

438,948 *cartons*

of ginger ale were ordered by

LONG DISTANCE

RECENTLY Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., had a price reduction and special dealer reimbursement plan to announce which was expected to expand its business. Secrecy surrounded the program up to the last minute. Then it was necessary to reach quickly hundreds of thousands of retailers, chain store executives and jobbers, explain the plan to them, and receive their orders, before the nation-wide consumer advertising should appear.

The announcement was made by direct mail to the jobbing trade on March 27. The next day, district managers and salesmen contacted the trade by local and long distance telephone and orders began pouring in from all parts of the country.

In the first few days, 438,948 cartons were ordered by telephone alone. In the first month, business was over three times greater than the best previous month in the company's history —a total distribution of 2,832,840 cartons with a retail value of $5,438,052.80. During this period the telephone cost was $4585.45.

The sales manager says: "This tremendous volume of orders could not have been handled except by means of the telephone." The home office kept in constant telephone contact with district managers throughout the country, learning from hour to hour how the campaign was progressing. The district managers talked personally with many large buyers. Salesmen telephoned jobbers, jobbers telephoned dealers. Thus, through the whole campaign, the quick, friendly and personal touch of the telephone contributed largely to its success.

Business men are finding the telephone of great value in securing orders and generally expediting business. Rates are low: New York to Philadelphia, 50c; Chicago to Detroit, $1.15; Tulsa to St. Louis, $1.65. The Telephone Plan of Market Coverage is helping companies in many varied industries and telephone representatives will gladly explain its features to you, and show how they can be applied to the particular sales and distribution needs of *your* company.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Picking an All-Time Emperor of the Diamond

AND, LO, OLD TYRUS'S NAME leads all the rest.

The "Georgia Peach," Ty Cobb himself, is selected as the greatest ball player of history.

Who comes next? Hans Wagner.

And where's Babe Ruth? He's third.

Who say so? Twelve major-league veteran players, managers, and coaches, interviewed by C. William Duncan, who reports their conclusions in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine.

The jury, Mr. Duncan tells us, is composed of John McGraw, Wilbert Robinson, Walter Johnson, Connie Mack, Kid Gleason, Bill McKechnie, Joe McCarthy, Jim Burke, Gabby Street, Dan Howley, Bucky Harris, and Burt Shotton.

Seven out of the twelve, we read, "give first place to the 'Georgia Peach,' whose line drives, streaks of speed, and fall-away slides thrilled the nation's fans for nearly a quarter of a century. 'There never will be another Ty,' they sigh in unison.

"Three of the twelve designate Hans Wagner, 'Flying Dutchman' of the old Pittsburgh Pirates, as the greatest, and four name him runner-up to Cobb, bringing Hans in a good second in total points. Babe Ruth, famous home-run pounder of the present day, runs third by virtue of two first choices, and being placed in the 'Big Five' by several other jurors. Nap Lajoie and Eddie Collins finish close behind Ruth, with Willie Keeler, Al Simmons, and Tris Speaker following in the order named."

Mr. Duncan asked each man the question:

"Whom do you consider the greatest baseball player of all time?"

Here are some of the answers:

John McGraw, manager of the Giants, the first man approached for his views, named Hans Wagner as the greatest.

"Wagner could do everything required of a ball player," said McGraw as he sat in the Giants' dugout in the Polo Grounds. "He had tremendous hands, and, in addition to his great playing ability, had a wonderful disposition, and was easy to handle. I'll place Cobb second and Keeler third. Al Simmons is my next pick, as I consider him the greatest ball player of the present day."

Bill McKechnie, manager of the Braves, strung along with McGraw on Wagner as the greatest of them all.

"I don't see how a National Leaguer could pick any one but old Honus Wagner as the best that ever lived," he said, as we sat in his hotel room in Philadelphia. "I played in the infield with him for six or seven years, and will pay him the splendid tribute of saying I never saw him make a mental error. He made 'boots,' of course. Every ball player makes fielding errors. But Honus always threw to the right base; he always did the correct thing at the proper moment.

"Cobb gets second place. Really, I think those two stand by themselves for this century, at least. Speaker didn't have the natural speed of Cobb, so I must place him third. I give Lajoie fourth. He, like Speaker, wasn't as fast as Cobb.

"Of the present-day ball players I consider Hornsby and Ruth the best I've seen. Hornsby has many great qualities, but he is surprizingly weak on fly balls that are too close to the infield for outfielders to get. I have been astonished at Hornsby's inability to overcome this weakness during his many years in the majors. It is hard to choose between Hornsby and Ruth, but I'll give it to Hornsby."

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The "Greatest Ever" Combines Two Pastimes

On the links at Asheville he produced a novel midiron made from one of his old sluggers.

WHILE McGraw and McKechnie have been spending their lives in the National League, Connie Mack has been devoting his time to the American, the writer reminds us as he proceeds:

"I haven't had the chance to see many of the great stars of the other league," the Philadelphia Athletics leader said.

"But picking the greatest player that ever lived is easy, I think. I pick Ty Cobb. I guess every one will do the same. Cobb was a good fielder, the greatest base-runner in the game's history, the fastest thinker, and the most consistent hitter. How can you name any one else?

"Eddie Collins, the key-stone of my great infield of the old Athletics, is my second choice. Eddie was a marvelous ball player. I can't say too much for him. I'll name Lajoie third. Of the present-day players I pick Al Simmons first, and he is my fourth man of all time. I hate to leave off Mickey Cochrane, but I must name Babe Ruth, so he goes fifth."

Kid Gleason, former manager of the White Sox and now coach of the Athletics, who has spent a lifetime in baseball, was very brief. Evidently his mind rushed back over the past, and he feared to slight some of the great ones with whom he played years ago. At least, that's what I thought, and so didn't press him for an entire selection when he said: "Ty Cobb is the greatest ball player I ever saw. Hans Wagner is next. That's all I want to pick. Go see Connie Mack and find out what he says."

Joe McCarthy, former manager of Louisville and the Chicago Cubs, and now pilot of the New York Yanks, selects his own star, Babe Ruth, as the best of all time.

"Ruth is more than a home-run hitter," says McCarthy. "He can play the outfield well, is a deadly thrower, and can cover first

Acme

Hans Wagner Also Ran—in Second Place

Keystone

And Babe Ruth Was Third Under the Wire

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base, and pitch. He is a far better all-round ball player than he is generally credited with being. I'll place Cobb second, then Wagner, Collins, and Lajoie in the order named. After you get past Wagner it is very difficult to make selections, as there have been so many great ball players. You may also say for me that I consider Mickey Cochrane and Gabby Hartnett as the leading catchers of the day."

COBB received another first-place vote from Walter Johnson, former great right-handed pitcher, and now manager of the Washington Senators. Johnson "was lavish in his praise of the 'Georgia Peach,'" and as for runners-up:

He gave Wagner second place, and then named Jackson, Ruth, and Collins. He had a hard time deciding between Collins and Speaker, with Eddie winning by a shade.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn Robins, voiced his opinions under protest.

"But, Mr. Robinson," I said, "no one cares whom I'd name as the greatest. The fans want to read your opinions. You've been in this game for years, and your views mean something. Mine don't."

"All right, then. If that's the way you feel about it, go ahead and name Ty Cobb as the best of them all," replied Uncle Robbie. "I didn't see him play much, because he was in the other league, but from what I did see and from what I've heard from others who do know ball players when they see them, Cobb deserves first place.

"Put Willie Keeler in there next to Ty. Willie was a great all-round ball player, and the best place hitter the game ever knew. And you can't leave out this big fellow, Babe Ruth, when speaking of all-time wonders. He can pitch, play first base, play the outfield, and hit home runs. He's a wonder."

Jim Burke, ruddy-faced coach of the Yanks, has been in baseball thirty years.

"I give Wagner first place," he says. "He could do everything, and is the greatest I've ever seen. Cobb gets second place with me."

GABBY STREET, one-time battery mate of Walter Johnson at Washington, and now manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, 1930 champions of the National League, was the fifth man to name Cobb for first honors, Mr. Duncan writes, continuing:

"I spent seven years in the American League and two in the National, and Cobb is my pick, without question," he said. "Cobb had a ninety-horse-power brain, which, in my opinion, was his greatest asset. He always thought a fraction of a second faster than any one else, and, therefore, was always ahead of the game. One day he was on third base when the batter hit a high fly back of shortstop. George McBride, our shortstop at Washington in those days, and a very good fielder, caught the ball. As the ball struck his glove, Cobb started for home. McBride raised his arm to throw. Cobb stopt. McBride, assured that Cobb had given up the idea of trying to score, let his arm drop to his side. Quick as lightning, Cobb was off for home again, scoring the winning run despite McBride's hurried throw. His brain had worked once again, and Detroit had won another ball game.

"Another time we had a second baseman playing third base. Cobb hit safely five times past third base. After the game I asked him about it, and he said: 'That was easy; your third baseman was out of position. I know he's a second baseman. Why should I try to hit to right field?' That was Cobb in his prime. Modern fans who saw him only in the closing days of his career can't appreciate him.

"I'll give old Honus second place and Eddie Collins third. They say Jimmy Collins was a great ball player, but I never saw him. Freddy Parent, Boston Red Sox infielder, wasn't a spectacular player, but he's my fourth choice. And I can't leave out Hal Chase. He could do everything," concluded Street.

Dan Howley, manager of the Cincinnati Reds and former leader of the St. Louis Browns and 1926 pennant-winning Toronto Leafs, in the International League, is another Cobb admirer.

"Ty first, without a doubt," he said. "No one ever approached him. I'll give Wagner second, and that's all I'll name."

"Saddling Up"—Well, Sometimes It's Something Else Again

A VETERAN COWBOY away off in Alberta, Canada, was greatly struck by the handsome painting, "Saddling Up," by A. J. Munnings, R.A., which we reproduced in color on the cover of the June 27 issue of THE DIGEST.

His sense of irony was excited by the contrast between saddling up a spick-and-span English race-horse and saddling up the kind of horses he has known in his wild life on the ranges.

So he sent us a snap-shot of a saddling up in his experience, and we reproduce it on this page as a really remarkable horse picture.

Also he wrote us a letter, and it is so salty with good sense and the breath of life in the raw that we are passing it on to our readers, confident that they will enjoy it.

Our correspondent is Raymond Davis. He writes from Vulcan, Alberta, as follows:

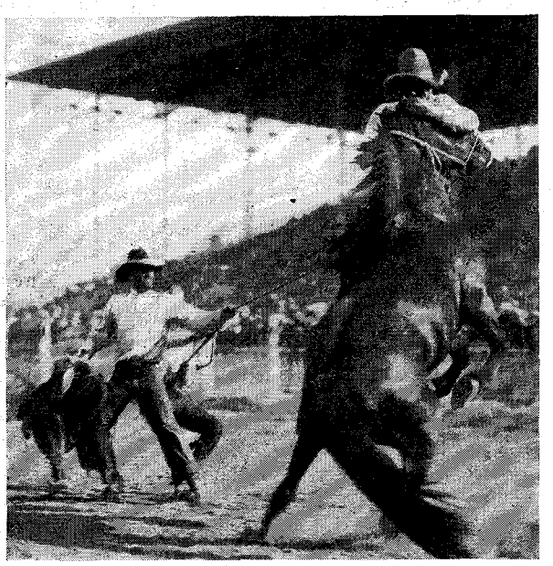
THE LITERARY DIGEST,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I know it is not good manners to impose on good nature, but doggone your June 27 cover, "Saddling Up," reminded me of a picture I had here, and I had to get it out just for comparison and also for contrast. And so I am sending it to you for the same purpose.

This one is not only a spirited horse but a very wild one as well. This man is putting on a real saddle that weighs 40 or 45 lbs. and not one that Will Rogers calls a Blue Jay corn plaster.

This cowboy is trying to ear this horse down, but when this was snapt it was more a case of the horse earing the man up.



"Earing Down" a Horse—or Earing Up a Man

I like Mr. Munnings's picture, should like to see some more of them. I would like to have a talk with him, hear about his horses, and tell about my first horse, that was Teddy R. among horses. Just a little mouse-colored Nebraska Sioux pony. Did not weigh much over seven hundred. Always round, slick, and pretty, always the boss of the herd, always on the lead, no matter if you rode with one or a dozen men.

Would almost corral anything that ran wild, singly or in bunches. The space he used to turn around in would puzzle even Einstein. He had a real personality, and he also had a way with the ladies, horse ladies or human ladies.

MANY years ago, relates Mr. Davis, "a big part of the residents of northwestern Nebraska, including most of the town of Chadron, lunched up at my father's ranch, one Sunday, and went on a coyote chase." And they found what they were looking for. In fact, the letter runs on:

They scared up an extra big one, a Teddy Roosevelt among coyotes, they ran it over three miles, the best dog of course was the first on the scene, and my father was second, on this little blue Jim horse.

This dog was about all in and was getting the worst of it. My father jumped off to help him, kicked at the coyote, and the coyote grabbed the long sharp heel of his high-heeled riding boot and held on, and my father was going around in the mix-up on one leg, expecting a dog to make a mistake and take a chunk out of him.

In early days here a bunch of us were five miles northwest fighting a prairie fire, the wind changed suddenly. My small brother was there on this Jim horse. A man pulled him off and jumped on and raced the fire for two miles and saved his home. He also outran another man on a young thoroughbred horse.

I had a man shoot Jim on December 15, 1918; he was 33 or 34 years old. I have ridden many good horses, big and little, but I have never saddled up his equal and never expect to now, they don't make so many of that kind now.

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A Prolonged Bastile for the "Roosevelt of Peru"

A PERUVIAN "TEDDY"—that was an American journalist's enthusiastic estimate of Augusto B. Leguia in the heyday of his despotic power as President of Peru.

But to-day? Immured from the world in Lima's Bastile, the national penitentiary, it is a rare occurrence for any word of him to filter through the massive walls.

Such an occasion arrives with a dispatch from a special correspondent of the New York *Times*, who paints a graphic picture of the former dictator's forlorn situation.

Only a few blocks from the impressive Plaza of San Martin in Lima, "the city of the Kings," founded almost four centuries ago by Francisco Pizarro, he relates under a Lima date line, "there is a great door of burnished copper, studded with the bright heads of huge copper bolts.

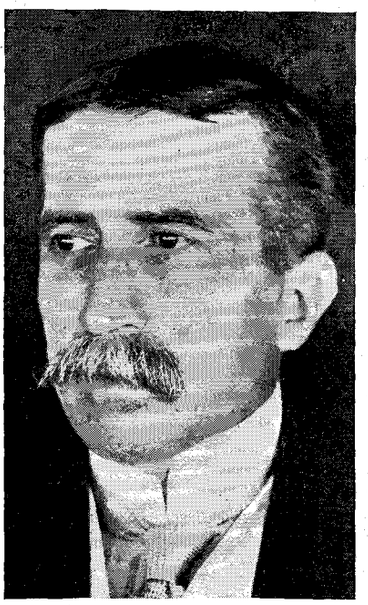
"It is in the wall of a rambling sort of building, which is the national penitentiary of Peru."

And here he conducts us inside that sinister building, and we penetrate to the living tomb of the broken ruler. Thus:

Behind that door on a narrow cot in a tiny cell lies a small man, old, past sixty-eight years, wracked by pain and sorrow, weighing less than the gaunt Indian jockeys who less than a year ago rode his thoroughbreds to occasional victory on the track at Santa Beatriz.

Then Augusto B. Leguia lived in the government palace, whence Pizarro once ruled, which now presents a melancholy, revolution-scarred face to the Plaza de Armas.

This was the residence of former President Leguia for eleven continuous years of undisputed power. Here he transacted all of the business of State resulting from his visions of a greater and more prosperous Peru, visions that resembled somewhat the early dreams of his illustrious predecessor, whose body now lies in the cathedral across the plaza, in a glass coffin, with the fine staple cotton of the Andes stuffed into the dagger wound that ended his reign.



His Life Is a Living Death

Former President Leguia, of Peru, who is pining away in prison.

In these apartments, when the long day's work was over, Señor Leguia delighted to invite his friends for a midnight chat or a game of poker, to forget for a few hours the smoldering volcano on which ambition or patriotism had condemned him to live.

FIRST elected President of Peru in 1908, a year later he was dragged from the palace and paraded through the streets, the prisoner of a mob, we are reminded. Then:

At the foot of a statue of Bolivar in the Plaza de Independencia, facing a firing-squad, he received the alternative of signing a document proclaiming his abdication or receiving a hail of bullets.

He did not flinch, and he did not sign. He held his captors in argument until loyal troops came to his rescue.

He was driven out of the palace again, imprisoned, and exiled in 1913.

He returned again in 1919 to drive out of the palace the man he believed he had been elected to succeed.

Then after eleven years of virtual dictatorship, during which he sent many an opponent to prison and into exile, and piled up a debt that his country is now unable to pay, he was compelled, on August 4, 1930, to resign once more.

Since then five other self-constituted Presidents have sat for longer or shorter periods in his place. It would seem that the ghost of Francisco Pizarro, himself foully murdered within those grim walls, still haunts the palace which he built, and will not let its occupants rest in peace. To-day, Augusto B. Leguia pays the price which, almost without exception, the Presidents of Peru have had to pay for lodging in the palace of Pizarro.

Wearing a faded blue dressing-gown over a coarse night-shirt, upon a narrow cot in the penitentiary of Lima, Señor Leguia lies listlessly day after day, waiting. He knows nothing of the outside world. Possibly he listens in the silence of his cell for that clamor of a revolution by his friends that might mean liberation, if not return to power.

He is not beset with despair, for the courage that enabled him to face a firing-squad without a tremor has not deserted him. Afflicted as he is with painful illness, with a heart less strong he would not have survived his downfall this long. Some day, and perhaps not far distant, his liberator may enter his cell, the liberator who comes silently and inevitably to all.

Augusto B. Leguia, who ruled despotically for fifteen years from a palace, has been for the last nine months a prisoner at the mercy of his enemies, awaiting a trial which may never be held. The cell is a prison cell; not the cell of a convict, but of a political prisoner. Some twelve feet square, it is not the luxurious suite which imaginative writers describe as a part of all Latin-American penitentiaries.

The dingy walls were once whitewashed. They are pasted over, here and there, with yellowing newspapers, perhaps to conceal inconvenient inscriptions penciled by former occupants. Two strongly barred windows look out upon a narrow barren courtyard. Through the panes, begrimed with the dirt of years, the rays of the sun filtered dimly. Some of the panes, cracked, have a backing of old kerosene tins to render yet more gloomy the prevailing dusk.

FORMER President Leguia's cell lies in the heart of the penitentiary, we learn. He "is allowed to receive no visitors, not even members of his family. The visits of his lawyer are restricted and kept under the strictest surveillance." In fact:

Apart from the companionship of his son, Juan, likewise accused of peculation and misuse of government funds, the former President is completely isolated from the world, awaiting a judgment which is long delayed.

Long confinement has stamped its indelible marks upon the face of the erstwhile dictator of Peru. The face silhouetted against the prison pillow is the face of an old, old man. The hair is snowy white. Not less white is the mustache beneath the hawklike nose. A scrubby growth of beard covers the still aggressive chin. The cheeks are the color of parchment.

The face of the ex-President is the face of a proudly sensitive man whose honor has been wounded to the core.

Presumably all that he has in this world is in that tiny cell. The millions he is alleged to have had in foreign banks are yet to be found.

There are people of independent opinion who believe that he did not profit personally from the millions of borrowed money, much of which was wasted and squandered in his régime, and too much invested in non-productive works.

Yet he has placed an imprint on Lima that is second only to that of Pizarro. The beautiful boulevard that he built as one of his chief monuments, the Avenida Leguia, now the Avenida Arequipa, can not be destroyed as was his statue.

Desolate on the Calle Estanco de Sal (Street of the Salt Monopoly) stands his private residence, gutted by the fire that was set by the mob that looted it. Stories are told of the looters carrying away valuable old Peruvian silver, and even the furniture which was not used to make a bonfire in the street. One looter is said to have rushed into the Plaza San Martin with a solid gold model of a locomotive, worth several thousand dollars. He was offered ten sols for it.

"What!" he cried. "Do you think I'm crazy? I won't take a cent less than twenty sols."

And he sold it for that. The sol is worth 28 cents.

Other Presidents of Peru have had their terms of office brought to an abrupt conclusion in the same prison which now holds Señor Leguia, but generally their confinement was of short duration, only until a convenient opportunity offered to ship them off into exile and oblivion.

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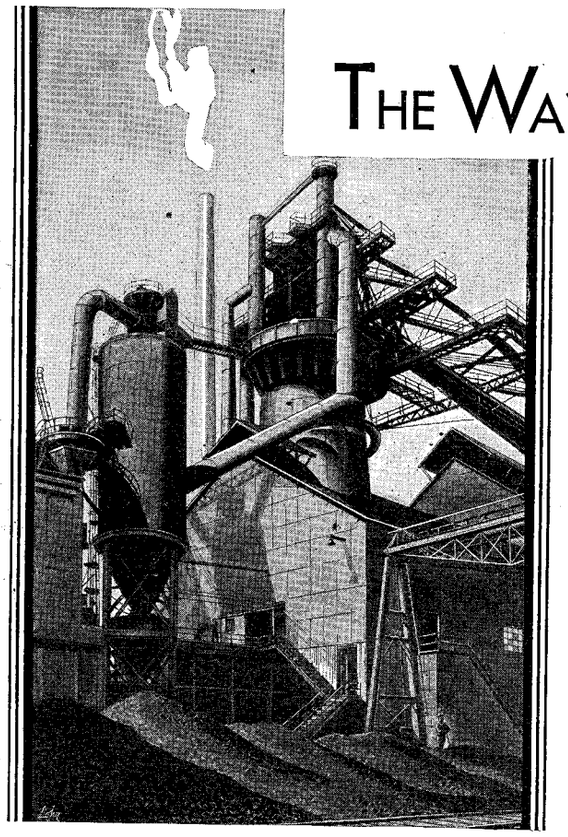
CHARLES F. ABBOTT
Executive Director
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF STEEL CONSTRUCTION

Charles F. Abbott, says:

"If we could but visualize the next five or ten year period we would undoubtedly witness the greatest period of industrial development in all history . . ."

FROM AN ADDRESS



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THE WISDOM of putting one's house in order in slack times, taking advantage of low prices and selective services is reflected in the continued success of those well managed American Industrials whose policy it is. When prices are low, as they are today, it is time to modernize, to replace—to buy! And Commercial Credit service is available for those worthy, who prefer to conserve their cash resources by purchasing on a deferred payment basis. ● Commercial Credit service is offered to industry only on a constructive basis; allowing income producing machinery and equipment to pay for itself from its savings. ● The way to save is to buy now! Investigate Commercial Credit service if it is not convenient to pay cash.

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"All You Want to Eat for Sixty Cents"

IT RECALLS THE ANCIENT CLASSIC with its Homeric tale of feasting—you remember:

"She said she wasn't hungry, but this is what she ate:
A dozen raw, a plate of slaw, a chicken, and a roast;
Some sparrow grass and apple sass, and soft shell crabs on toast;
A big box stew and crackers, too; her appetite was immense.
When she called for pie I thought I'd die, for I had but fifty cents."

But the account of the gastronomic orgy in the popular old song was a mere trifle compared with some of the tales restaurant men in New York are telling as a result of a new policy. Some of them are giving a patron all he wants to eat for sixty cents.

One woman, relates Edward Angly in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "after keeping a waitress busy shuttling back and forth with appetizers, entrées and desserts for more than an hour and a half, was unable to leave a restaurant until bicarbonate of soda had been administered. Her sixty cents covered the bicarbonate of soda along with everything that had gone before."

Underwood & Underwood

Six Pies à la Mode With a Sixty-Cent Meal? Yessir, Comin' Up!

But probably this restaurant that puts no limit on what you order for half a dozen dimes will thank us not to put ideas in your heads.

And an aggrieved proprietor told the *Herald Tribune* reporter this story:

Our champion, so far? Well, I should say he was the man who came in Friday night, a rough-looking customer. He had a tomato juice cocktail, soup, three orders of liver with onions and potatoes, two salads, four cups of coffee, a pie à la mode, a custard and some other dessert, a watermelon, I think. For bread, he had crackers, corn muffins, and whole wheat rolls. I don't think he knew what he was doing when he walked out.

IN short, according to Mr. Angly:

The ultimate consumer is sitting up and taking nourishment with a remarkably good appetite in these days of falling food prices, it was learned during a survey of restaurants, cafés, coffee pots, cafeterias, hash houses, and ye old eate shoppes. Only a few weeks ago "General Appetites" had dropt so far below par, what with the depression and the dieting fads, that many restaurateurs feared that eating, already somewhat of a lost art in this era of sandwiches and Prohibition, might even cease to be a habit.

Since the spring, however, public eating places have been cutting their prices, some even going so far as to permit clients to order all the dishes they may desire for sixty cents. The response, it appears, has been beyond expectations. Certainly the management of one restaurant never expected to see a client top off a six-course meal with seven pies à la mode.

That startling spectacle was witnessed one night when four plump tourists from Pennsylvania entered the place and decided, after the salad, to have a dessert contest. One of the losers consumed six pies à la mode, but the other two stopt at the fifth.

Six of the restaurants in the Childs chain have eliminated their à la carte menus and their table d'hôte and now advertise "What you want and all you want to eat, sixty cents."

The client can select from a list of 117 dishes and drinks. The managers of these places indicated that net profits had increased twenty per cent. or more since the change, and that their knowledge of human nature had increased in an even greater degree.

IT is pleasant to report that human nature has passed the test fairly well. Says Mr. Angly about mankind's tendency to play fair:

About ninety per cent. of the customers ate no more or only a little more than they did when every slice of bread and dab of butter counted on the bill, but appetites among the other ten per cent. have shown an amazing ability to take advantage of opportunities.

The Childs branch near Herald Square has seen the number of daytime customers almost doubled and the dinner clientele tripled under the régime of offering the hungry the whole works for sixty cents. Some of the heaviest eaters, men capable of ordering second and third helpings, are frequent visitors, but other gormands quickly get enough of a good thing.

Two weeks ago a man ate three orders of lobster salad and two orders of ice-cream for his sixty cents. He went away perspiring and hasn't been back.

"It is the elderly people who tend most to transgress," observed the Scottish manager of the branch in West Twenty-third Street. "They have old-fashioned ideas about eating. While they take the advice of doctors on other things, they seem to consider that physiology and therapeutics are a black art."

"We let people order as many dishes as they can eat, but if they just nibble at each dish and then order something else and nibble at that, merely to get a variety, then I speak to them. They can have all they want to eat, but not to waste.

"The other day a woman came in and ordered one item after another. Pretty soon we noticed she was wrapping part of the food in paper napkins and putting it in her handbag. 'Madam,' I said, 'there is a Scottish proverb, "Eat all, pooch nane."'

"One man wanted filet mignon and mushrooms and potatoes au gratin for a starter, so I said to him: 'You can have as many orders of it as you want for sixty cents, if you can find it on the menu.' But it wasn't there."

AND the restaurant men are trying to stimulate rather than curb appetites under this plan. Continuing:

In the "all you want for sixty cents" places ("easy chairs for that business chat") are placards reading:

"Eat Hearty; Keep Fit; Be Strong."

"You work best when you eat best."

"A good dinner builds energy."

Most of the customers observed were dining in doubles. Even honeymooners watch their pennies and want their money's worth these thrifty days, it was remarked by Henry Doesschate, at the Codington.

"Our trade here in the Broadway theater district is largely country folks," he said. "Most of them seem to travel nowadays on budgets, and you can see them jot down the price in a notebook.

"Most people are satisfied with an appetizer, an entrée, and a dessert. Only about fifteen per cent. double up with second portions. Desserts are the most popular repeaters.

"Most people realize we are trying to do right by them and they feel they ought to do right by us.

"Wholesale prices have come down, and it's only fair to pass on the cut. Ever since the war many restaurants have kept charging a dime for bread and butter. To-day there is an eight-cent profit on that item, even counting in overhead."

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Heavy Arguments Over the Heavyweight Title

IS there a heavyweight champion? Or isn't there?

Didn't Max Schmeling win the title on a foul in his match with Sharkey a year ago? And didn't he keep it in his recent bout with Stribling?

Almost the whole world says yes. But William Muldoon of the New York State Boxing Commission says, according to a Consolidated Press Association Dispatch to Wilbur Wood, "Nobody ever won the championship on a foul. It can not be won that way."

And Mr. Muldoon elaborated his position further in his talk with Mr. Wood:

"You newspaper writers are wrong when you refer to Max Schmeling as champion of the world.

"Schmeling merely is champion of Germany. Sharkey is the champion of the United States. Until Schmeling wins from Sharkey, I never will consider Schmeling champion of the world. I can not understand why you fellows keep referring to him as champion."

Mr. Muldoon was asked "if it were not a fact that the Schmeling-Sharkey bout of last summer was accepted by the commission, and almost every one else, as a world championship."

"Schmeling won that fight on a foul, and in my opinion was not entitled to receive the championship."

AND so Max's name is not on the ornate Muldoon-Tunney trophy, emblematic of the heavyweight title.

But on the chance that Mr. Muldoon might have overlooked something, Mr. Wood later went into seclusion with Frank G. Menke's "all sports record book," and the results of an examination of the heavyweight records "reveals that the commissioner overshot the mark in stating the title never had been won on a foul." Thus:

The book shows that Tom Allen of England and Mike McCoole of the United States fought for the world title on August 15, 1869, near St. Louis. McCoole won on a questionable foul in the ninth round. He had been badly beaten until he took the award on a foul.

In 1873 Allen and McCoole bobbed up again in another championship match. In a bout near St. Louis on September 23 of that year Allen stopt McCoole.

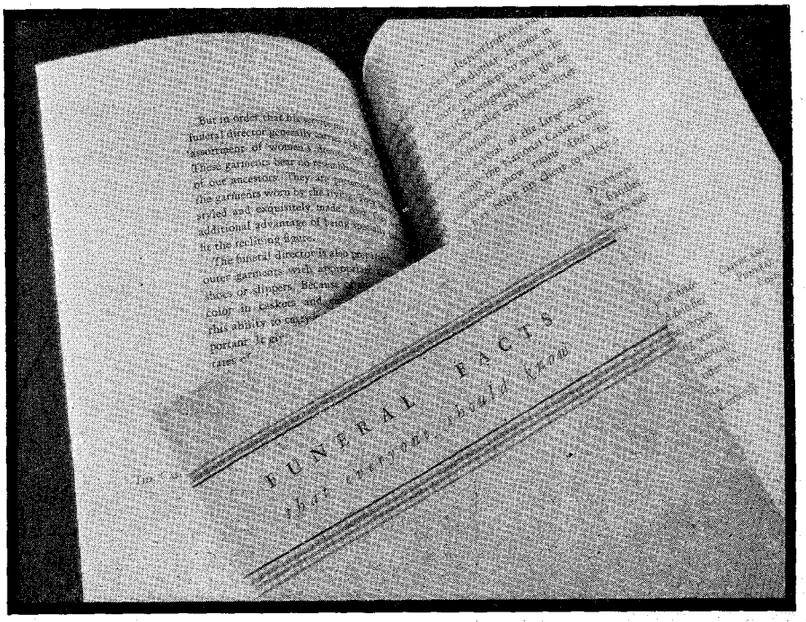
The next entry in the book having to do with the heavyweight championship reads as follows:

"1876—Joe Goss, rated next to Mace in England, arrived in the U. S. A. and challenged Allen and they went into action near Covington, Kentucky, September 7. Goss was annihilating Allen, when Allen took to fouling and was disqualified in the twenty-seventh.

"That victory made Goss the world champion under London prize-ring rules, which ruled major heavyweight contests until 1892."

There, then, are two authentic cases in the history of the heavyweight division which refute Mr. Muldoon's contention that the title never has been won on a foul.

And now it's Mr. Muldoon's turn again.



HE WANTED

a copy to place with his will

"LIKE most people," this man writes, "I don't like to think about the necessity of handling funeral arrangements. Yet I know that it is an obligation which must inevitably be assumed by nearly everyone.

"In such an emergency, I, for one, should be utterly at a loss to know how to proceed. And I am sure that the other members of my family would also be totally unprepared.

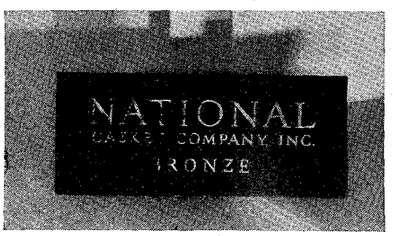
"I should like a copy of 'Funeral Facts' to keep with my will and other private papers, so that when the need for such information arises a dependable guide will be easily available."

This man is not alone. Many thousands of men and women, realizing that they were unprepared for this responsibility, have written for copies of this helpful booklet.

"Funeral Facts" has been published for the express purpose of enlightening the public on a little-known subject. It answers frankly the many questions that arise in connection with a funeral: what should be done first? ... how and when to choose a funeral director? ... where shall the services be held? ... what about clothes, flowers, acknowledgments?

This booklet has been compiled with the aid and advice of leading funeral directors. Its suggestions may be followed with perfect confidence.

"Funeral Facts" may be obtained from any funeral director who sells National caskets. Or, we shall be glad to mail a copy in a plain envelope. Your request will be considered confidential. Write to Dept. D-8, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.



A small trademark similar to this appears on every National casket. It states the material of which the casket is made and guarantees quality. National caskets are sold only through funeral directors—men who believe in recommending the best and in serving their clients well.

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Another Victory for Battling "Sir" Walter

NERVE DID IT.

Four strokes down after four holes of the playoff. But "Sir" Walter Hagen's "round, red face was smiling, and you just knew it wasn't a pose. Hagen doesn't worry. He puts that burden on the other fellow," according to Jack Kofoed's account in the New York *Evening Post*.

Hagen exploded out of a trap, Mr. Kofoed continues, to "within a couple feet of the pin to get a half. He canned a down-hill putt of twenty feet to win another hole. He sliced to the practise tee, and from there put his second on the green."

And that was the way Hagen, that valiant warrior of the links, won the recent Canadian Open at the Mississauga Golf Club near Toronto, defeating Percy Alliss, British-born pro of a club in Berlin. The score was 141 to 142. Earlier Hagen had headed our winning Ryder Cup team.

Recoveries like this make Walter Hagen the most interesting professional golfer in the world, we read. Just because "he happens to be hooking or slicing his tee shots into the high grass or rough doesn't mean that he is going to lose. Many an opponent has found that out, sorrowfully," Mr. Kofoed continues:

Hagen is slow-moving and placid. He can take an hour to put on his shoes. He's never on time. He isn't bothered when folks try to make him hurry, and he never hurries.

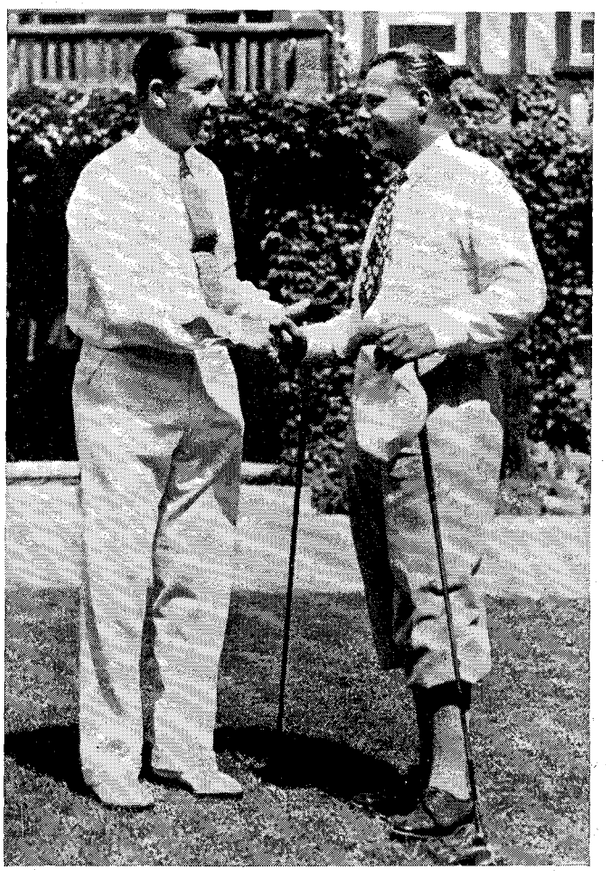
Walter never crabs about bad luck, nor becomes excessively jubilant over good. He summed up his philosophy one afternoon during an important match. He had walloped a beautiful drive 280 yards down the fairway. When he came up to it he found his ball in a divot hole. The lie was so bad that he simply couldn't get to the green with his next shot.

Some one said: "Tough luck, Walter!"

Hagen grinned. "Oh, it all balances up," he retorted. "I'll probably hit a rotten slice on the next hole and it will hit a tree and bounce into a nice lie. The good luck and the bad averages up over a season. Why gripe?"

I get a kick out of his mannerisms; the assured, theatrical air; the slight tinge of scorn he holds for those who think they can beat The Haig. It's swell. And I hope Walter goes on winning golf tournaments for years and years.

There is no one in sight to replace that vibrant personality.



Keystone photograph

Mixing Four Nations in a Golf Title

Walter Hagen, the American pro, and Percy Alliss, the British-born pro at a Berlin golf club, shake hands before playing off their tie in the Canadian Open.

EVERY now and then a sports writer will hazard the opinion that Hagen isn't what he used to be, that his best days are over. After such an opinion is printed, "Sir" Walter generally wins a spectacular victory. Just before the Canadian Open, Joe Williams made such comments in the New York *World-Telegram*. And then the veteran star of the links won. Mr. Williams, in a later issue, enjoys poking fun at himself for his bad guess, and then proceeds to some golfing reminiscences:

I will admit a guy is a sucker ever to call his bets off on a fellow like Hagen. In a way he is much like Ruth. Get him down and he will bounce right up in your astonished face with both fists swinging. I suppose the best thing to do with these fellows is to wait until they hand in their own obituaries, and even then you stand a chance to be plenty wrong.

Once Hagen tied for that championship over in Canada, he was a sure shot to win. When the chips are on the line and there is only one man to beat, the Rochester German is just plain poison, or he can make it fancy if that's your dish. They don't call him the greatest money player in golf for nothing.

Quite a lot of distinctive bilge has been written about the fighting heart and the competitive spirit in sport, but in the case of Hagen it is not all fiction. The records show that he has always performed heroically in the tight places, and of these he has been in many.

Offhand I recall only one extra hole battle of consequence that he ever lost. This was a thirty-eight-hole fight with Sarazen for the P. G. A. championship at Pelham some summers back. And even in this one he fought to the last putt, pitching out of a trap to rim the cup with the stroke which would have kept the match even and sent it into still another extra hole.

The last American Open Hagen won was in 1919, and it was won with a typical Hagen flourish. He needed a long putt to tie Mike Brady on the last green. There was a crowd around the green.

Elbowing his way through the crowd, Hagen looked around. "Where's Mike?" he asked. "I want him to see me sink this one." Of course he sank the putt, and in the playoff he won by a stroke. That flash of bravado—or was it psychology?—settled it.

A good portrait of Hagen—the Hagen behind outward arrogant showmanship and smug sartorial gloss—is to be found in just such incidents. I recall a striking piece of mental strategy he employed against Diegel in the 1925 P. G. A. at Olympia Fields. The circumstance that made this strategy memorable was that it was veiled in a sportsmanlike gesture that moved the crowd and even Diegel to eulogy.

Hagen and Diegel, playing the third round, were all square at the end of thirty-six holes. The thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth were halved. It was at the thirty-ninth—or the third hole on the course—that Hagen staged his effective byplay. Both were well on with their seconds. Hagen rolled up to within four feet of the cup. Diegel was about a foot closer, but with a curving side-hill lie.

Putting first, Hagen sank his ball. At that moment he had an inspired thought. He picked up Diegel's ball and handed it to him. "I'll give you that one, Leo," he said. The crowd gasped. It was a difficult putt. If he missed, it was Hagen's match.

But Hagen was merely shrewd in his calculations. He figured that Diegel was more likely to make the putt than to miss it. In the circumstances, then, it would do no harm to concede it. And such an action was an open notification to Diegel that Hagen did not fear him.

It worked beautifully. Hagen hit a tremendous drive off the next tee, while Diegel looked up, topped his shot, and was through. That's the kind of a lampshade he is. Always outsmarting people. Including sports writers. Who are easy to outsmart anyway.

HAGEN prophesied that he'd win a major title this year, according to William D. Richardson, writing in the New York

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Times. And with his victory in the Canadian Open his list of titles is complete. Reading on:

He can rest forever on his laurels in the knowledge that he has won more major titles than any other man, living or dead. He has been the national open champion twice, the British open champion four times, the P. G. A. champion five times, the Western open champion four times, the French open champion once, the Metropolitan open champion three times, the North and South open champion three times.

Good News for Swimmers—It's Easy Not to Drown

ALL you have to do is play safe and follow a few simple rules.

The Red Cross has a warning—"Accidents don't happen. They are caused." Capt. Charles B. Scully, director of life-saving for the New York Chapter, quotes it in sending us a set of rules for safety at the beach or at the old swimmin' hole:

Learn to swim. This means every member of your family.

"If you get in water over your head don't become panic-stricken. Keep your hands under water, pushing down. This will keep your head out, making it possible for you to breathe.

Don't swim in unprotected places.

Don't dive into water unless you are sure of its depth.

Keep your small children near you at the beach.

Don't use automobile inner tubes as floats.

Don't duck children or grown-ups. It creates fear.

Don't swim alone, regardless of your ability.

Don't swim past the life-lines. It takes just as much ability to swim in water five feet deep as it does in water 500 feet deep.

Don't swim for at least an hour and a half after eating.

Learn the prone-pressure method of resuscitation.

THIS, we are assured, is very simple, and all you need is your two hands. Drowning is a form of suffocation, and the vital thing is to restart the breathing. This is how you do it:

Get the submerged person out of the water.

Lay him face down on the dock or beach.

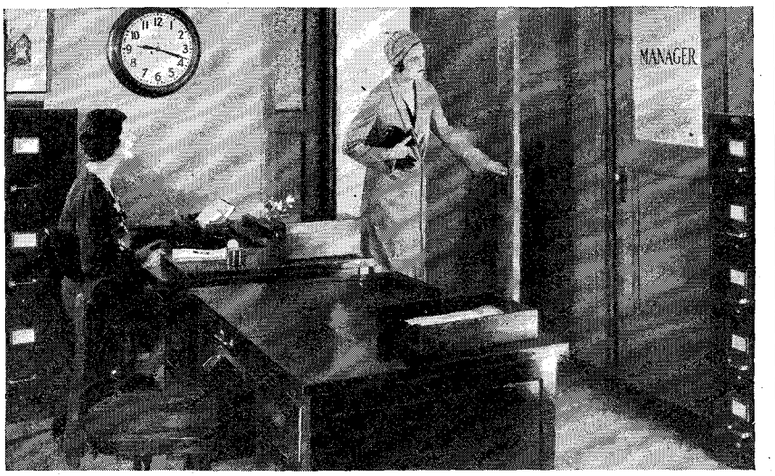
Stretch both hands over the head, placing the head on the back of one hand with mouth toward the finger-tips.

Kneel astride at the victim's thighs, place your hands over the lower ribs. Press down and forward for the count of one, two, three.

Snap your hands off, rest and count one, two.

Repeat from twelve to fifteen times a minute and keep working until the arrival of a doctor. Don't move the patient, go to work at once, and remember if you save the seconds you have a better chance of saving the life.

Water safety rules were made for your protection, and they are only common sense; if you obey them you will enjoy the most healthful and popular of all sports—swimming.



The businesslike, wall-type Telechron Clock, illustrated above, has a metal case finished in Statuary Bronze. In various sizes, it is priced from $16 to $75

"Better get a Telechron★Clock, Jean"

WISE office managers notice that lateness decreases with the advent of Telechron electric time. There are fewer calls "on the carpet." Fewer salaries docked. Fewer general memos pointing out that business hours begin at nine o'clock. Vice-presidents and clerks alike are quick to secure for their own homes the same sort of self-starting Telechron Clocks that govern office activities.

Telechron's modern, uncanny accuracy begins in power houses. Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds, assure even impulses of current at electric outlets in homes and offices. Plugged in, each Telechron Clock translates regulated current into true time-of-day. No other clock can give you Telechron service in your home.

There are interesting Telechron models for every room in your home. Tall grandfather's clocks. Others for wall or desk or mantel. Some with chimes, with alarms, with illuminated dials. All displayed by a dealer near you. (Listed under "Telechron" in the classified telephone directory.) All supplying the same trustworthy time, without winding, oiling or regulating.

Telechron prices range reasonably from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $30 to $1000.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Pat. Off., of the Warren Telechron Company.

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
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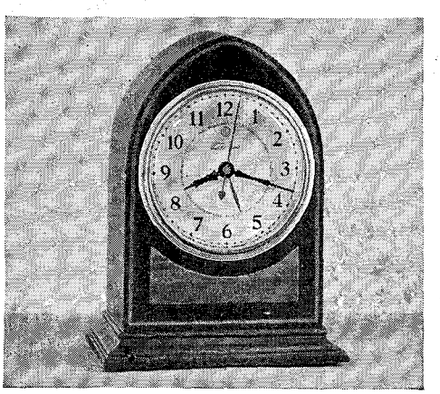
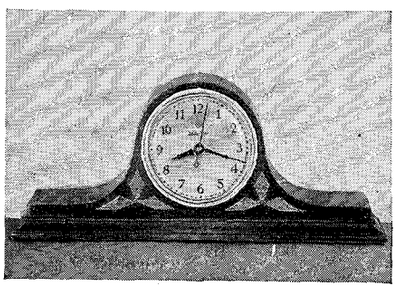
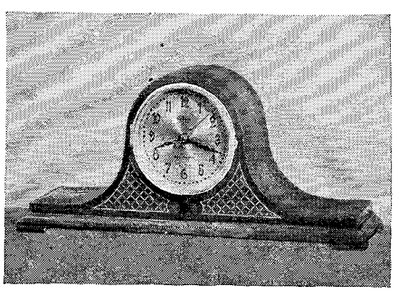


Alden—Alarm movement. Mahogany. 7¼" high. $12.50
Salisbury—Same case without alarm. $9.75



Trenton—Mahogany case with satinwood ornaments. 13" wide. 3½" gold-finished dial. $12.50



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A Future Peer Who Ran Away With a Circus

"GOOD OLD EARL!" cry the costers in their pearlies when his lordship appears at their festivals.

And he boxes with the burliest 'Arries or dances with the prettiest 'Arriets, in either case with grace and gusto.

Also he entertains the King and Queen at his ancestral home with all the magnificence proper to a great territorial nobleman.

In his young manhood he boxed four rounds, under an assumed name, with John L. Sullivan. "And beat him," add English chroniclers.

In his middle fifties he came upon a little traffic snarl in a west-country road. A surly drayman had "refused to pull his heavy vehicle out of the way of a woman's pony-trap," relates C. Patrick Thompson in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. "Lord Lonsdale, passing, invited an argument on the subject. The drayman got down, squared up and took a left to the point which caused him to cease temporarily to take any interest whatsoever in the proceedings.

"It was Lord Lonsdale who drove the dray aside and made way for the lady."

A psychologist, says Mr. Thompson, "would love to linger over the long Lonsdale visage, because it is a type that was at its zenith in the island a century or so ago, but bobs up now only rarely, and then with a quality of surprize." Continuing:

Reproduced by courtesy of the artist, Eric Pape, and the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine

Lord Lonsdale: England's Foremost Sportsman

It is the best model extant of the English sporting aristocrat. Every point is perfect—the long eye set under its tufted, tilted eyebrow at a slight angle, like a bull terrier's, the mouth broad and humorous, the nose and chin long and strong, the whole face compact, firmly modeled, imperturbable because no disturbing thoughts or ideas underlie it; shrewd, yet with a certain simplicity; patient, smiling, "stained by the ruddy tan God's air doth give a man."

His cigar is as inevitable as Stanley Baldwin's pipe. A bit of conscious showmanship about both.

Kaiser Wilhelm II of imperial Germany hobnobbed much with the Earl of Lonsdale during his visits to England.

He went sailing with the Earl, and took him sailing in his *Meteor*. Lord Lonsdale entertained him mightily at his ancestral castle in the North, and Wilhelm responded with junketings for the English lord at Potsdam and Kiel.

Prince von Buelow, German Chancellor and fashionable gossip, looked on these hobnobbings with a jealous and suspicious eye; and, writing his memoirs in the five years before his death, described Lord Lonsdale as a bankrupt, and asserted that Edward VII disliked him and called him "the biggest liar in England."

Then Buelow died and his memoirs were given to the world.

In England his remarks about Lord Lonsdale were brought to that nobleman's notice. He read them and said in effect that altho he was an easy-going man, this looked a bit too much; and his lawyers advised the publishers that they might find themselves with a big libel suit on their hands if they published those memoirs. So the book was withheld.

It began to look as if the memoirs would never appear in the British Isles unless those offending passages were deleted. But one morning the Earl got up and sent for his lawyers and said that if the publishers would run a footnote to the effect that the remarks about him had no basis in fact, it was all right with him. England got the Buelow memoirs, including the unexpurgated passages about Lord Lonsdale, and said that the Earl had, as usual, behaved as a sportsman.

YOUNG Hugh Lowther, even as a boy, rode like a centaur, we gather. In fact, we read of the future Earl:

He was only ten when he made his name in the hunting set by being the only horseman in the same field with hounds while the fox was killed at the end of a six-mile point.

In relief upon the eight light panels of the great golden bowl that was his golden wedding gift from a nation of sportsmen, you may read the pictorial story of his life—hunting, flat-racing, steeple-chasing, shooting, deer-stalking, yachting, boxing, and coursing. Cricket, football, and some other sports might have been added—had there been more panels—but these eight are his favorite sports.

When Weston, the great American walker, crossed the Atlantic in 1878 and started all sporting England talking about walking feats, Sir John Astley wagered the Duke of Beaufort that the Duke could not find an Englishman to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours.

The Duke put up the Hon. Hugh Lowther, whose long legs covered the required distance in eighteen hours. He finished fresh.

He rode in the longest horse race ever held in England, a six-mile race over jumps modeled on those at the Grand National at Aintree, and won it.

WONDERFULLY light hands, patience, kindness, and an extraordinary understanding blend to explain, in the main, Lord Lonsdale's successful way with horses, says Mr. Thompson, adding:

But he also has one advantage that the ordinary gentleman rider lacks. He had worked with a circus, and learned how the circus men handle and train animals.

He was seventeen and staying with his parents in Switzerland when he ran away and joined that circus. For eighteen months he traveled Switzerland with it and became an accomplished trick rider and acrobat.

When he entertains circus-folk for a week-end in his great castle in the North—as he does when Bertram Mills, England's Ringling, stages his international circus in London every Christmastide—he enjoys himself with them as with old friends. He talks their language, knows all about them and their life and ways, knew a good many of their fathers and grandfathers.

He still amuses himself by teaching his animals to perform and behave. He has trained his shooting pony, Merlin, which came from King George's stables, to dance, bow, and pick up handkerchiefs.

You may dine with him at Lowther Castle or at his huge town house in Carlton House Terrace and never know there is a dog in the room until you get up and the host calls them. Then they emerge from the shadowy corners where they have been lying, motionless but watchful.

All the Lonsdale house dogs—the pack varies from nine to a dozen—follow him from room to room, and in each room each dog has his corner. Whenever their master adds a new dog to his pack he shows him his corner and teaches him his place by

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taking him gently but firmly back whenever he leaves without permission, and shaking a reproving finger at him. His present pack includes a Labrador, a spaniel, a retriever, a collie, an Aberdeen terrier, and a lurcher.

For years he was president of the biggest kindness-to-animals organization. He is one of those unusual men who are not only interested in animals, but really love them. To see him talking to his parrot, Polly, you would think he had a private understanding with that bird.

He is never casual with it, and when King George and Queen Mary and the Princes dined at Carlton House Terrace on the occasion of his golden wedding, he had Polly brought in and placed in her giant cage behind his chair. He wanted her to enjoy the party, and judging from the row she made, she did.

By courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

At the Last Horse Show

THAT golden wedding celebration three years ago was attended by unique demonstrations of regard and affection. As we read on:

An enormous shower of gifts descended upon the couple; the after-dinner cabaret performers refused payment (but Lord Lonsdale sent each of the men a diamond scarfpin and each of the girls a diamond brooch), and at the International Horse Show, the day before, the Prince of Wales interrupted proceedings to present Lord Lonsdale with a golden casket in recognition of all he had done for British sport.

Subscriptions had been invited in sporting circles to cover the cost of this gift. No one thought there would be a big difference between the fund and the bill for the casket. When subscriptions came to be totaled up, however, it was found that more than $1,750,000 had rolled up. Lonsdale handed it over to trustees to found a convalescent home for sportsmen in need.

It was he who put coster night on the map of the Horse Show. He wanted the costers to treat their mokes better, and his method of achieving this object was to take a personal interest in both, and give a cup for the best turnout.

He has a way with the costers, as with most men. On the coster night I have mentioned a man who had already had a row with the horn-blower ("He wanted to knock my beaver hat off," said the horn-blower subsequently) complained that the president had not examined his donkey. "But I have seen you," replied Lord Lonsdale. The coster retorted with a string of oaths and threatened to knock the president's block off.

There are several versions of what happened next, but Lord Lonsdale is the person best qualified to know, and he says that in self-defense he put out his fist and the coster "just walked into it." "Quite a good fellow, really," said Lord Lonsdale afterward, "but on this occasion he was in exuberant spirits. The costers are very angry with him, and I daresay," added his lordship, glancing at his damaged knuckles, "he feels sorry for himself, too."

LORD LONSDALE has always kept himself in such fine fettle that, altho tall and broad-shouldered, he used to ride welter-weight, and to-day, at seventy-four, he retains his lean figure and agile step, relates Mr. Thompson, continuing:

When he presents the bouquets to the girls at the Olympia Circus—he consented to become patron of the circus partly to see that no acts get on which involve cruelty in training, but also largely for the fun of being behind the circus scenes again—he does not hand them over the barrier, but springs lightly to the top and down on to the tan.

Again, at the last Horse Show he spotted something wrong at the far end of the arena, and, without taking his cigar out of his mouth, ran easily the length of that considerable space with the gait of a practised runner and arrived, cool, unperturbed, and not breathing any quicker.

We learn from Mr. Thompson's account that Lord Lonsdale formerly enjoyed a princely revenue, which modern conditions have cut down a good deal. However, he can and does still live like a nobleman. Here is a characteristic touch:

When he went to school he read a good deal. But he read only one book. His mother had told him the Bible was the best of all books; his father swore by Shakespeare; but young Hugh's only inclination was for Jorrocks. It was sixty years before he found another book at all comparable to the immortal hunting classic. This was Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." Lord Lonsdale presented the Hawthornden Prize to Sassoon for that book, confessing, with his broad smile, that this was the first time he had found himself closely associated with the literary world.

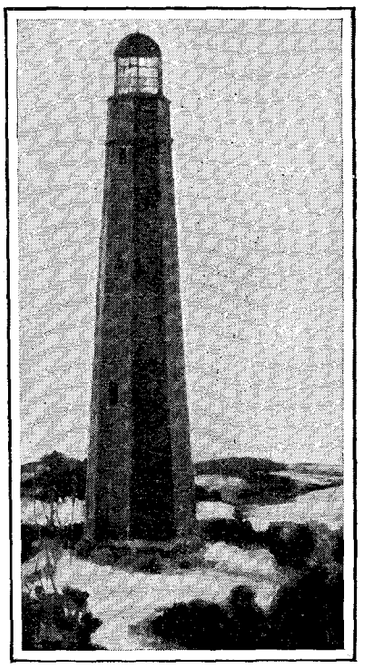
Burdens of a College Boy.—DISGUSTED PROFESSOR—"What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying."

BOBBY RAHRAH—"Well, Mother says it's to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow my wild oats; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry, and Dad, to bankrupt the family."—*Boston Transcript.*

Living Up to a Compliment.—

So credulous and susceptible
Is Miss Idalia Ives,
When told she was sweet as honey
She broke out with the hives.

—*Boston Transcript.*



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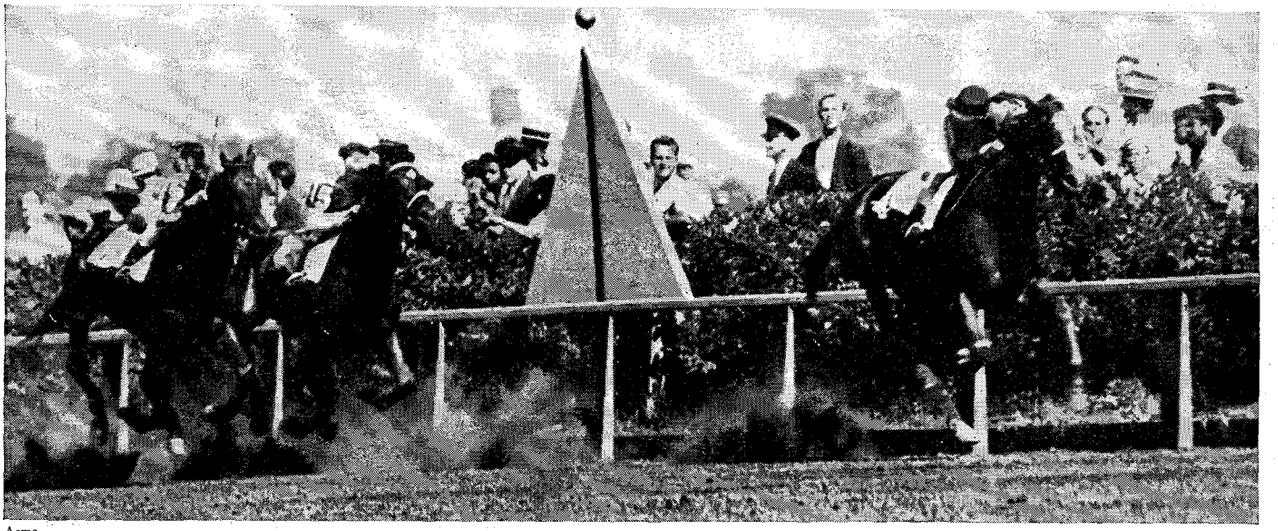

Acme

And Now It's Twenty Grand's Turn to Even Up the Score

Mate goes across the line first at Arlington while Jockey Robertson looks back to see how much room there is to spare. Spanish Play is second and Twenty Grand is third.

The Duel of Mate and Twenty Grand for Turf Supremacy

BIG BAY TWENTY GRAND PICKED UP SPEED, but the more speed he showed the faster his gallant chestnut rival, Mate, ate up the distance.

They were dueling for honor and glory, these two rival kings of three-year-old horse-flesh, and Mate showed a clean pair of heels to Twenty Grand in the Arlington Classic, the richest race for three-year-olds. It is worth $86,200 in all, and $73,650 to the winner.

Three times this year these two spirited race-horses have met—and the score of victories is two to one in Mate's favor. A. C. Bostwick's pride triumphed in the Preakness and the Arlington Classic. Mrs. Whitney's three-year-old had it all his own way in the American Derby, described in our issue of May 30. But the end is not yet. Perhaps Twenty Grand will even the score in the Travers at historic Saratoga.

In the Arlington Classic Mate was master nearly all the way, French Lane writes in the Chicago *Tribune*.

He kept going in easy but brilliant stride, we read, "clicking off his quarter miles with the regularity of a clock, and began to run even faster in the final stages. It became evident at the head of the stretch in the spectacular mile and a quarter battle that he was to snatch the championship crown from Twenty Grand's head."

About that time Twenty Grand, the account continues, "after making one attempt after another to go forward toward the flying Mate and the other leaders, started to drop back. Jockey Kurtsinger, aware that things were not going as they should, began to apply the whip with all his might, and, we read on:

For just an instant Twenty Grand rallied. Then he refused to come on under the punishment and dropt back again.

Under a strong hand ride down the stretch, with most of the starters tired and staggering, he showed just a little of the dash that carried him to his many early season triumphs. He picked up a lot of ground. But the faster he traveled the faster Mate went. Twenty Grand never was near Mate, but was so close to Spanish Play at the finish he probably would have been second in one more stride.

Mate's victory, unexpected but so convincing it left no doubt that he is master of Twenty Grand and all the other three-year-olds in the country, was just one in a series of upsets that have happened in the rich stake races decided at Arlington this year. But Mate was a great horse, a colt that skipt over the lightning-fast track with the ease of a high-powered machine. He ran the mile and a quarter in 2:02 2-5, which took more than a second off the old mark made by Chicago way back when the Arlington track was opened some half-dozen years ago.

It was just three-fifths of a second slower than Twenty Grand's time in the Kentucky Derby, but it was a more brilliant race if the track conditions at Churchill Downs and at Arlington yesterday are compared. And it was a fast and game race which Mate ran all the way.

CHAMPIONS continue most breakable at Arlington Park, philosophizes the New York *Morning Telegraph*, reminding us that "Gallant Knight was well beaten in the Stars and Stripes when he was a positive favorite." And in this year's Classic, we are told:

Twenty Grand was forced to accept a solid trimming from Mate, the colt he led by seven lengths in the Kentucky Derby. In the Classic the Greentree star was four lengths behind A. C. Bostwick's horse. However, it is the general belief that Twenty Grand's showing was caused by his wrenched leg. He will be given plenty of time for recovery.

For the present, at least, we must regard Mate as the champion of the three-year-old division. He is the greatest money winner of his age in America and the leading 1931 money earner.

ALL credit is due Mate. His was "no fluke victory," W. J. Macbeth assures us in the New York *Herald Tribune*, continuing:

He won as a true thoroughbred is supposed to win. From all accounts he had plenty in reserve at the end after first forcing and then carrying a fast pace on a pasteboard track admirably suited to Twenty Grand's best, and to the end that he won easily by four lengths and hung out a new track record. At the distance, so far as last Saturday afternoon is concerned, there seems no rebuttal to evidence that Mate was the better horse.

Yet Twenty Grand was far from disgraced and if, as reported, he came out of the Classic without mishap, this writer will not be surprized if in turn the son of St. Germans again squares accounts with his late conqueror, Mate, before Saratoga's close. He may not be able to accomplish revenge at a mile and a quarter, such as the Travers, but at a cup distance Mate will have his work cut out to keep close to such a horse as Twenty Grand was the afternoon he beat Sun Meadow and Jamestown in the mile and a half Belmont at Belmont Park.

No one can belittle the sterling performance of any three-year-old that carries 126 pounds to such a brilliant triumph as that of Mate in the recent Classic. He has now met Twenty Grand four times and three times has beaten him.

As a two-year-old Twenty Grand finished third to the Bostwick colt in the Walden at Pimlico last fall. The Walden was run on a muddy track. But on a fast track in their next meeting (as three-year-olds) Mate again won, this time in the Preakness.

Twenty Grand had his revenge when he won the Kentucky Derby, with Mate third to Sweep All and seven lengths back of the winner. The course was lightning fast at Churchill Downs, as it was at Arlington Saturday afternoon, when for the second

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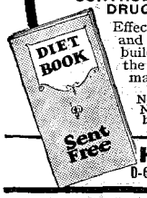

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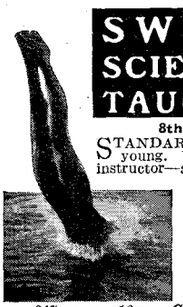

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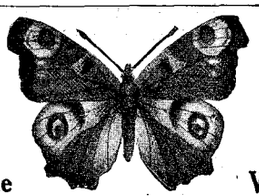

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time in three starts this season Mate showed the way to Twenty Grand.

Yet the very fact that Mate had an opportunity to win this "rubber" seems a splendid testimonial to the sportsmanship of those controlling the destinies of the Greentree Stable. It is a known fact that Twenty Grand strained his right lumbar muscle in the running of the mile and a half Dwyer, which he won handily from mediocre opposition. Even tho fully recovered before the Classic, the fact remains that he was out of training several days and that in his two trial gallops over Arlington he was not let down at real speed for a horse that worked a mile and a quarter in 2:02 1-5 a few days before the Dwyer.

AFTER such an injury many an owner would have kept Twenty Grand out of the Classic. But such a procedure would not have been in accord with the ideals of Whitney sportsmanship, of which Mr. Macbeth writes:

Whitney sportsmanship has always been a law unto itself, and Whitney scruple always has held its thoroughbred champions in copartnership with the public.

It was just such sportsmanship on the part of the late Harry Payne Whitney that sent out Whichone in a bar plate to meet Gallant Fox in the last Travers on a track knee deep in mud. To start him seemed sure defeat, and it actually resulted in Whichone's complete breakdown. Yet Mr. Whitney did not hesitate. He felt it his duty to keep faith with a record crowd that had been attracted to Saratoga as a result of the wide publicity given the advertised meeting between his colt and Gallant Fox.

Undoubtedly it was all for the good of racing's future that Mate again turned the tables on Twenty Grand in the Classic. Had Mrs. Payne Whitney's good colt won this event as easily as he won the Derby, the Belmont, or even the Dwyer, the outlook for future three-year-old stakes and cup races would have been drab indeed. He would have had the three-year-old world conquered.

Now interest will be back at concert pitch for Saratoga, where Jamestown likely once more will join the merry argument. The stake races of last year's two-year-old champion were just too bad to be true.

MATE'S purse was $73,650, and it boosted his total earnings, as two-year-old and three-year-old, to $232,325, according to figures published by the Chicago *Tribune*. This total puts the chestnut pride of the Bostwick stables ninth among the money winners of all time. And he has enough engagements for the rest of the season to surpass the record of Gallant Fox, more than $340,000.

In the meantime, according to an analysis made for the Consolidated Press Association by Henry V. King, "excuses of all kinds are being offered for the defeat of Twenty Grand. But they come from the stubborn, opinionated ones who had hailed him as another Man o' War and an outstanding three-year-old of 1931." However, we are told:

The competent, conservative horsemen insist that his only excuse was Albert Bostwick's Mate. They assert that

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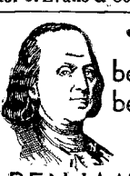

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Twenty Grand is a great colt, but that Mate is greater. They refuse to admit that the winner of the Kentucky Derby and Belmont stakes was suffering ill effects from the lumbar muscle he strained in the Dwyer; they refuse to admit he was improperly trained for the stake or that he has been in training too long and is "staling" off.

In their opinion he has been trained perfectly; that the slight injury to his muscle at Aqueduct had been thoroughly cured, and that when he went to the post for the Classic he was at the top of his form, as good as he ever was in his racing career.

And while hailing Mate as a great colt they refuse to place him in the class with Man o' War. They concede he is at present the best of his age, and likely to retire the champion of the three-year-old ranks, but they will not pronounce him a super-horse until he shows them some more great races, and defeats Equipoise and Jamestown, if and when those two colts come back to the races.

Square Meal

"FRIED eggs square" is the latest order in one of the popular Boston clubs which specializes in novelties, and it is said to be unique with that institution, so far.

This is a worthy successor of the square pancake and the square apple-pie, which had gastronomic circles whirling a short time ago, and for reasons that can be defended.

For now, it is contended, an egg sandwich can be made that will not fray out at the sides and need trimming; one of the major economies, we should say, of an era of depression which has even plumbers scared.

This geometrical product has a mechanical genesis, of course, which probably will continue until the hens are trained to lay square eggs. The contraption is square, naturally, and is divided into four square sections, each of which accommodates an egg—or, strictly speaking, in which the egg accommodates itself to its environment.

Dropt into this receptacle, the egg, however minded it might have been before the shell was broken, has no option but to square itself with the cook, and it goes to the patron's table with all its sins forgiven.
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Nature Stuff Through a Monocle

Er—spring!
You perfectly priceless old thing!
I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees;
The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;
The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot;
It jolly well cheers up a chap, does it not?
It's so fearfully bright,
So amazingly right
And one feels as one feels if one gets rather tight.

There's a tang in the air,
If you know what I mean,
And the grass, as it were,
Is so frightfully green.
We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing.
Er—spring!

—*London Opinion.*

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Keeping Cool in Summer

SUGGESTIONS FOR ATTAINING this desirable result are contained in a series of Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington).

Be chary of heating foods and of bodily exercise, we are told. Wear loose, porous clothes and favor perspiration. Take things easy. Bathe in lukewarm, not in cold, water. Wear a Panama hat.

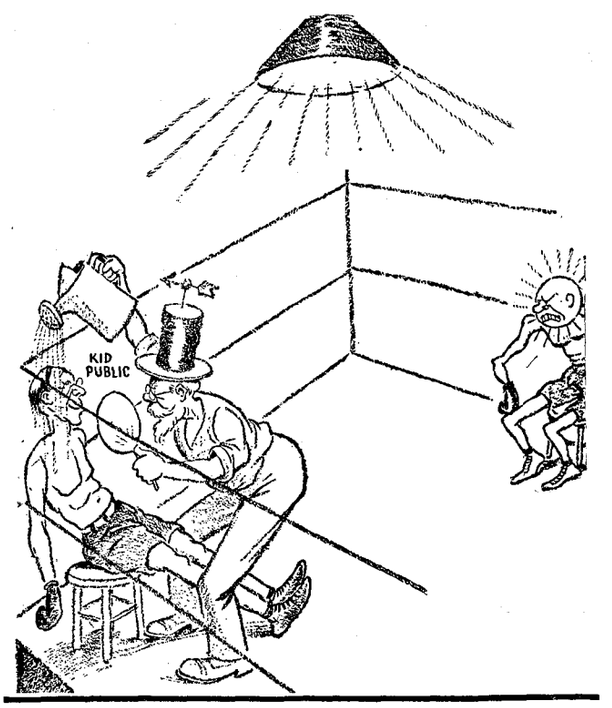
Women's summer clothes are most sensible, we are assured. Men insist on wearing tight belts and collars and suffer thereby. We read:

One way to keep cool is to cut down on the body's heat production. Both food and exercise make the body's fires burn faster.

Beyond a certain point, the heat production can not be reduced, since it is the accompaniment of the vital changes going on in the body. The minimum heat is produced when the body is at rest. In bed before breakfast, one's heat production is at its lowest.

Certain foods when burned in the body produce more heat than others. Those with high heat-production are sugars and starches, fats, meats, and nuts. Vegetables and fruits produce much less heat.

Many apparently cooling foods and drinks, such as malted milks, ice-cream, and other soda-fountain products, and beer or mint juleps or other beverages with an alcoholic base, are really not cooling in their ultimate effect. Alcohol is really a high fuel food. Furthermore, it makes the body's fires burn faster and hotter. For cooling purposes cold drinks made from water and fruit or vegetable juices, such as tomato and sauerkraut juice, have the most lasting effect.



Temporary Relief

—Plaschke in the Louisville "Times."

IN hot weather another question is how to get the heat out. In cool weather the heat passes from a higher to a lower temperature as easily as water runs down-hill. But when the temperature around the body gets as high as that within, it is difficult to get rid of surplus heat. Reading on:

Normally, the body's temperature is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. In some recent studies in the tropics it was found that man usually collapsed when his temperature was 104 or 105 degrees. The body-temperature level at which death would occur was fixt at 110 degrees. A few cases have been recorded in which men survived bodily temperatures of from 109 to 112 degrees during heat stroke, but in these cases the high temperatures did not last long.

Loose, porous clothing allows the heat to pass easily away from the body. Perspiration is an excellent method of losing heat. People who do not perspire will be more comfortable in hot weather if they drink hot tea and coffee, rather than iced drinks, as the warm liquids will induce extra perspiration.

A muggy day with high humidity is uncomfortable because the air already holds all the water it can take up and the body can not get cool by sweating off the heat.

The art of keeping cool has as its first rule to take things easy during a warm spell, avoiding physical exertion, which makes the body's fires burn faster. Says the writer:

If you must work hard during the dog days, add a pinch of salt to your glass of water. Be sure to drink plenty of water, too, to replace that lost from the body by perspiration. At high temperatures, especially when working hard, the body gives off large amounts of water, which is nature's way of keeping us cool. But our bodies also lose much salt with the perspiration, and this causes a large part of the physical exhaustion felt when working in hot weather.

When water evaporates it absorbs heat. This is why you are cooler when you perspire. If you want to augment this natural cooling process, apply lukewarm water to your skin and let it dry by evaporation.

An icy shower bath is refreshing, but heats you because it stimulates the body to increased heat production, just as heat production is stimulated to meet the challenge of an icy winter wind. The summer bath should be lukewarm. This will be more cooling and the effect will last longer.

WHICH is the coolest hat? The writer goes on to tell us. He says:

In spite of the spread of hatlessness, the majority of us still insist on head-coverings of some kind, and we wish to indulge our taste for the ornamental as well as secure shelter for our skulls. Such vanity may be compatible with greater coolness, or it may impose a penalty of extra heat.

Some time ago a Paris scientist undertook to find out just how hot men got under their hats. He ran a series of tests with different kinds of headgear on a day when the mercury stood at 97 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Panama hat, he learned, was easily the winner. Beneath its crown the air temperature above the wearer's head was only 77.

The more popular but less well-ventilated stiff straw hat ran second, with an inside temperature of 79. The soft felt hat reduced the temperature only to 86. Under the derby hat the thermometer sank only to the still uncomfortable figure of 92.

And the jaunty sports cap came off worst of all. It actually raised the temperature above the head a degree and a half, to 98.6. This might have been expected, for a cap lays a layer of cloth—usually non-conducting wool—flat on the head, without a ventilating air space underneath.

WOMEN'S summer clothes, we are told, are cooler and saner than men's. For instance:

Skirts, if not too numerous or voluminous, are much better hot-weather garments than trousers. Trousers were invented, apparently, in the cooler parts of the world; skirts are evolutions of the hot lands.

The male suffers another disadvantage, which is anatomical and inherent rather than traditional. He insists on holding up his trousers with a belt, and he has no proper waist for the belt to cling to. Even a slim young fellow has to pull himself in quite a bit in the middle, and as for poor, portly Forty-Plus—well, he's just out o' luck.

Men would be much better off if they would boldly wear suspenders even when their inhibitions permit them to remove their coats. They might take a hint from the joyous Tyrolese and Swiss, who wear leather "shorts" without apology, and who make their elaborate suspenders things of beauty and joys forever with embroidery and silver buttons.

As for the masculine insistence on wearing a halter round his neck, in the shape of a collar and necktie—well, man has only himself to blame for that.

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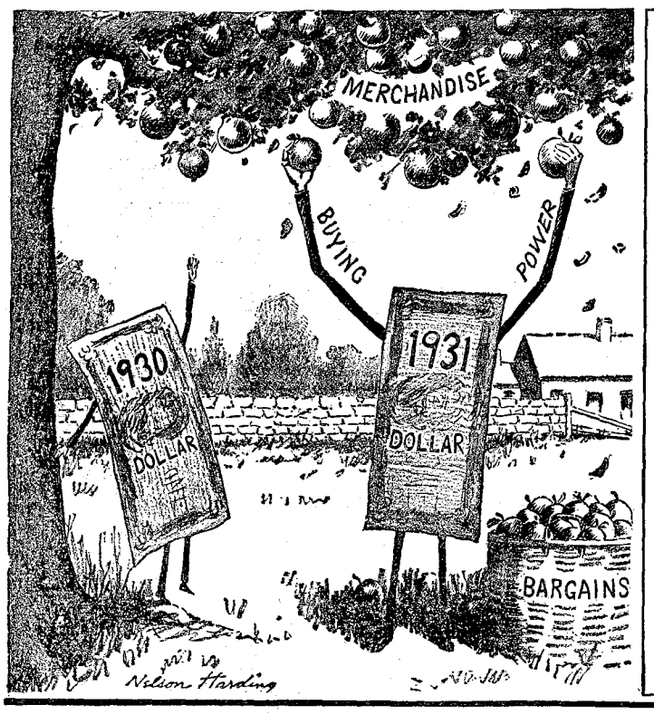
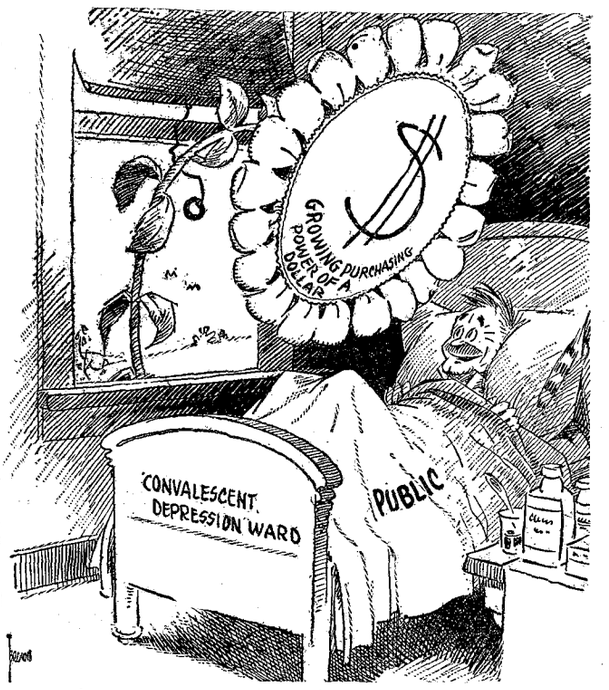


A Longer Reach

—Harding in the "Baltimore News."



Even One Flower Will Cheer Up a Sick-Room

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

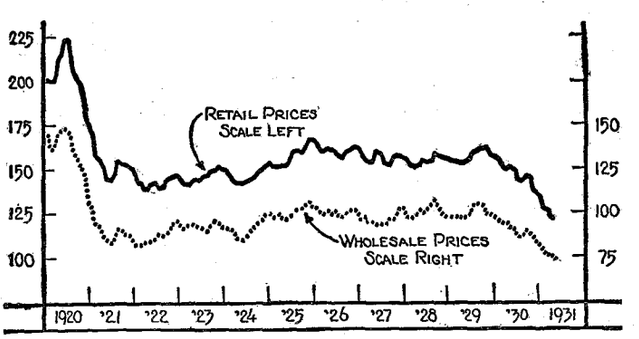
MORE POWER TO THE DOLLAR

Effects of Lower Living Costs

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A GENERATION the cost of living in the United States is steadily and appreciably coming down," comments the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, representing the general tone of editorial reflection on the recent official figures on living costs.

According to figures made public by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, and summarized in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, the cost of living has fallen 6.5 per cent. in the last six months, and more than 9 per cent. in the last year.

While the cost of living has been going down in recent years, it is still higher than before the war. The government statistician, using as a basis at 100 the 1913 prices of food in fifty-one cities, and of clothing, rent, fuel, light, furniture, and other items in thirty-two cities, and weighting them all in accordance with their importance in the family budget, puts the cost-of-living index for June at 150.3.



Cambridge Associates, Boston

The Narrowing Margin Between Wholesale and Retail Prices

Note that the index figures for the wholesale prices (broken line) are given at the right; those for retail prices at the left.

Looking at it in another way, it is apparent that there was a decrease in the cost of living of 30.6 per cent. from the peak of June, 1920, to June, 1931.

During the first six months of this year, to continue *The Times*'s summary, food prices went down 13.8 per cent.; clothing, 4.6 per cent.; rents, 3.1 per cent.; and fuel and light, 5.5 per cent.

OBVIOUSLY, continues the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, the cost of living is still well above the prewar level; "however, in 1913 the price of food, clothing, and shelter had been steadily rising for several years, and there was much complaint, whereas the trend is now the other way." The point is made that:

> The rising value of the dollar does not mean that Americans as a whole are living better than they were three or four years ago. They are earning fewer dollars than they did before the stock-market crash, for wages have come down with commodity prices. Because of unemployment, the average scale of living is not as high as it was in 1928.
>
> Before the depression is over, both wages and the cost of living probably will approximate the prewar level, and then, when employment picks up, the nation will return to about the same scale of living that existed before the slump started.

THE Cambridge Associates of Boston call attention to a narrowing margin between wholesale and retail prices. A diagram reprinted on this page depicts the respective courses of retail and wholesale food prices as compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. While the study is based on a single branch of commerce, "the relationship between retail and wholesale prices here shown is believed to be fairly representative of the situation in all lines." And the Cambridge Associates give one reason why they think retail prices are likely to continue to decline:

> It is a well-known fact that the costs of distribution bulk much larger in the composition of retail prices than do the production costs. It would not be at all surprizing, therefore, if consumer prices would continue to decrease—as business men everywhere bring their ingenuity to bear upon this great problem of lowering their distribution expenses.

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TURNED INTO TOYS

MOUNTAINS that once were great barriers are now playgrounds for summer guests. Rivers are racing tracks for varsity crews. Forests are touring camps. Plains are airports.

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Peace in Bethlehem

BETHLEHEM STEEL STOCKHOLDERS will again become "the happy family looking for more worlds to conquer."

So *The Business Week* comments on the readjustment of Bethlehem bonuses which has met the complaints of an aggrieved minority group of stockholders who have been fighting in the courts and in successive meetings of stockholders to reduce what they consider "excessive" bonuses to executives.

It will be remembered that Bethlehem officials are said to have been given something like $36,000,000 in bonuses during the fourteen years the system has been in vogue—not in any one year, as some newspaper reports have had it. As a matter of fact the average bonus payments per annum during the last three years have been something like $2,500,000. In 1929 Eugene G. Grace, president of the company, received $1,623,753.

The revised bonus plan adopted at a stockholders' meeting last month is briefly summarized by *The Business Week:*

The new bonus plan continues to set aside 8 per cent. of net profit for distribution among key men, but computes it after allowance for depreciation, depletion, and obsolescence. This will reduce the amount to which the 8 per cent. applies by about fifteen million dollars annually.

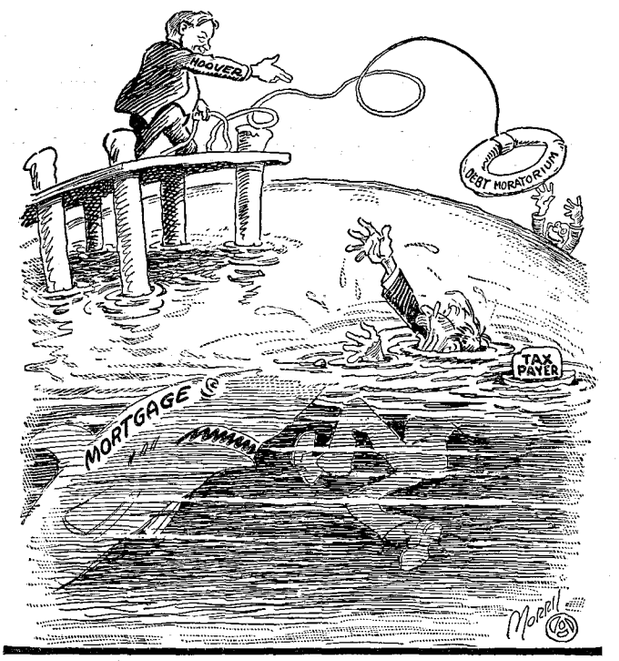
Another change is that the amount of bonus must be itemized in the annual report, not included under "administrative expenses" as heretofore. Charles Schwab, chairman, who did not share in the bonus, but who had charge of its distribution, will no longer be vested with that power. Directors who do not share in it now will direct its distribution.

Before the plan was offered for approval of stockholders it had been accepted by the minority group which brought suit in January for the refunding to stockholders of the "excessive" part of the $36,000,000 which had been distributed as bonuses. Indorsement of the plan indicates the suit will be dropt and the stockholders will again become a happy family looking for more worlds to conquer. Youngstown Sheet & Tube still entices, most authorities believe.

A corollary of the plan is the provision that executives who have hitherto received only nominal salaries—like President Grace's $12,000 a year—shall now receive "definite, normal salaries."

THE new plan strikes the New York *Herald Tribune* as "an excellent reform, in line with the growing realization among industrialists that profit-making is not the only concern of management."

While Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of Bethlehem, still believes the bonus system for which he was responsible made Bethlehem prosper, *The Herald Tribune* credits him with bowing to the storm of criticism "with becoming cheerfulness and candor." In a statement to the stockholders Mr. Schwab calls the changes in some respects "a backward step." But he also believes that the corporation has reached such a position in its development that the system as modified "will operate satisfactorily for the accomplishment of the purposes which we all have in view."



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"Hey, Mr. Hoover! Toss One of Those Moratorium Life-Savers to Me"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

More and More Moratoria

THE KENTUCKY NEGROES who held a celebration when they heard of President Hoover's moratorium, and decided that they wouldn't pay any bills, interests *The American Banker.*

Of course, the story may not be true, but assuming that it is, the banking daily suggests that "it is not only ignorant Negroes who feel that they are due some sort of moratorium on their debts." Indeed, "we are finding the idea cropping up in circles that we should think were better informed. Proposals of moratoria on real-estate mortgages to halt foreclosure sales, of moratoria on taxes, on farm loans, on debts, ad infinitum."

A number of serious suggestions for a moratorium of one kind or another have appeared in the newspapers. For instance, the New York *Times* reports a radio talk by a professor of law at St. Lawrence University who calls attention to an unusually large number of foreclosures of mortgages on homes during the last three years. In Professor Hagendorn's opinion, "this orgy of foreclosures benefits neither the mortgagee, nor the owner, nor the purchaser." So he suggests that city, county, and State "declare a one-year moratorium of taxes on assessments and homes." Such payment is to be refunded over a period of years. And he urges a similar postponement of the payment and amortization on mortgages and a similar funding of such indebtedness over a period of three years.

AND recently the State Treasurer of Massachusetts suggested several changes in the banking laws, accompanying the suggestions with the advice that the Massachusetts banks declare a two-year moratorium on real-estate loans pledged on property owned by those who are unemployed and are temporarily unable to make payments on such mortgages as a result of unemployment. Harold Winters, who calls attention to the suggestion in his Chicago *Journal of Commerce* column, insists that Treasurer Hurley's idea is a pretty poor one:

The suggestion of a moratorium for real-estate loans would work only further hardship on a system which is now in the midst of a struggle to carry on.

It would place a premium on delinquency and would tend to obstruct the moves of bankers to aid borrowers in difficulty.

Common practise among the bankers in recent months has been to make reasonable extensions wherever possible, and to lend every effort to enable owners to carry their properties without the delays and difficulties resultant from foreclosure.

What Germany Has Paid France

WHEN the July 15 reparations payment under the Young plan lapsed in accordance with the Hoover plan, France had received from Germany in reparations since the Armistice about $2,000,000,000.

This sum, notes Raymond G. Carroll in a New York *Evening Post* dispatch from Paris, is twice the indemnity paid to Germany by France at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. It does not, we are reminded, include the cost of the French Army

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of Occupation in Germany, which was also paid by Germany. It is further noted that:

The total of reparations payments made by Germany is more than 21,000,000,000 marks, or about $5,250,000,000, of which France has received the lion's share, more than two-fifths of the total.

A tabulation of the German reparations payments paid so far, divided into four periods, shows that in the period before the Dawes plan the French received $625,000,000 of a total of $2,625,000,000.

While the Dawes plan was in effect France received $1,000,000,000 of a total of $1,875,000,000.

During the transition period the French share was $125,000,000 of a total of $225,000,000.

Under the Young plan, the French had received up to July of this year $250,000,000 of a total of $525,000,000.

Insuring the Vacationist

SINCE peace of mind contributes to a successful vacation, and since insurance against disasters contributes to peace of mind, well, then, a completely insured vacation ought to be a happy one.

So at least argues John C. Leissler in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. And then he proceeds to specify some of the eventualities that the prudent vacationer should be insured against:

First, the vacationist should have his life insured, and also the lives of all members of his family.

Next, the vacationist should have complete accident and health insurance for himself and his family.

Then the automobile should have full coverage insurance. Many States of the nation have adopted automobile responsibility laws and, should a stranger have an accident, he will find it inconvenient indeed not to be in a position to offer immediate security. By full coverage is meant fire, theft, collision—a necessary coverage when one considers the crowded highways of vacation time—plate-glass, property damage, and public liability insurance. All of these are necessary; and, because of this coverage, the insurance companies stand ready to protect and sponsor their policyholders wherever the vacation urge may take them.

Before leaving his home tenantless, the vacationist should have fire insurance, burglary insurance, to guard against theft of household equipment and personal belongings, and public liability coverage. With these the vacationist need not have a care as to the welfare of the homestead.

Then the vacationist should buy baggage insurance to protect against the loss, mysterious disappearance or theft of his luggage. This is called a tourist floater policy, and it covers the vacationist wherever he may be. It also contains a clause covering clothing that may be purchased en route or jewelry that may be carried or worn.

WITH these lines of protection, concludes Mr. Leissler, "the vacationist can eliminate the worries of material things and devote his entire time and energy to vacationing."

Lower Mortgage Rates

"THE man who is carrying a mortgage on his home, or is considering negotiating a loan, and who is borrowing on business property is beginning to wonder when he will reap the benefit of the decline in interest rates," notes Charles F. Speare in a New York dispatch for the Consolidated Press.

The prospective borrower of this type, we are reminded, "has seen quotations for money this year drop to the lowest level in a quarter of a century, so that those who are carrying securities have the advantage of extremely easy rates." And—

The same is true of commercial paper, on which the current quotation is 2 per cent., compared with 3¼ to 3½ per cent. a year ago, and about a third as high as in 1929. Still the traditional rate in the East of 6 per cent. on real-estate mortgages holds in the majority of cases.

And yet there have been some breaks, and "there is now a growing insistence for a concession to borrowers." Mr. Speare understands that not long ago "Philadelphia real-estate interests requested lenders in that city to reduce the rate in conformity with the general decline in interest on other forms of paper." More recently—

The largest mutual savings bank in Connecticut announced that, effective July 1, it would lower the rate on mortgages to 5½ per cent. from 6 per cent. This is understood to be under discussion by other savings banks in New England, which feel that the borrower on real estate is entitled to more consideration than he has had to date.

MR. SPEARE takes a backward glance in order to remind us that:

In the period of low interest rates in the early part of this century, which corresponds quite closely to that now prevailing, there were numerous mortgages made on a basis of 5 per cent. The 6 per cent. rate, however, has been in general usage for the greater part of the past twenty years. Up to a few months ago the largest and strongest of the local guaranteed mortgage companies were selling their mortgages on a 5½ per cent. basis. To-day they are only advertising this paper at 5 per cent.

There is a belief that lower interest rates for borrowers on real estate would help to quicken the real-estate market and encourage building, and so—

The subject is one that is now receiving a great deal of attention on the part of mortgage companies, savings banks, and insurance companies, which are the largest buyers of mortgages. It is also extremely pertinent for the building and loan associations, which are closer to the conditions in their own locality than any other similar agency.

The situation with respect to real-estate mortgage bonds which have been given, or might be afforded, a public market is quite different from that described above. There is no prospect of a reduction in the coupon rate of publicly distributed real-estate mortgage bonds until the outlook with respect to the enormous mass of securities floated in the past ten years is improved.

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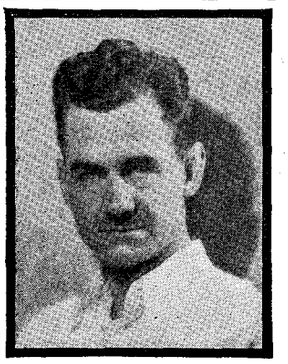
NEW SCHEDULE FOR



Lowell Thomas
THE RADIO VOICE OF
The Literary Digest

War correspondent, cowpuncher, editor, college professor, Arctic explorer, discoverer of "Lawrence of Arabia"; appointed by President Wilson as special representative to Europe during the War; accompanied the Prince of Wales on his India trip; has made over four thousand platform appearances—and is now engaged by the "Digest" exclusively to tell you what is happening throughout the world. Don't miss this fascinating personality.

Every Night, Except Sunday

WJZ	—New York City	6:45 E.D. Time
WBZA	—Boston	6:45 E.D. Time
WBZ	—Springfield, Mass	6:45 E.D. Time
WBAL	—Baltimore	6:45 E.D. Time
KDKA	—Pittsburgh	6:45 E.D. Time
WHAM	—Rochester	5:45 E.S. Time
WLW	—Cincinnati	5:45 E.S. Time

Every Night Except Sunday
(Except Where Otherwise Specified)

WJR	—Detroit (Ex. Wed., Thurs., Fri.)	10:15 C.D. Time
WGAR	—Cleveland	10:15 C.D. Time
WENR	—Chicago (Ex. Sat.)	10:15 C.D. Time
KWK	—St. Louis	9:15 C.S. Time
WREN	—Kansas City	9:15 C.S. Time
KSTP	—Minn., St. Paul	9:15 C.S. Time
WEBC	—Duluth-Superior	9:15 C.S. Time
WDAY	—Fargo	9:15 C.S. Time
KFYR	—Bismarck	9:15 C.S. Time
KFAB	—Lincoln, Neb. (Ex. Tues.)	9:15 C.S. Time

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Besetting Weakness. — CONSTABLE — "The accused is an out-of-work plumber, sir, and attended a smash-and-grab raid."

MAGISTRATE—"And he failed?"

CONSTABLE—"Yes, sir, 'e forgot the brick!"—HUMORIST.

Poultry Note. — MOTORIST. — "These chickens in the road cause a lot of accidents."

FARMER—"But not as many as the chickens beside the driver."—*Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

Convenient Hooter.—"Matilda, won't you sing something for our guests?"

"Oh, but, dear, it is so late; and besides they are beginning to go."

"Yes, but not quickly enough."—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*

Death of a Beautiful Friendship. — "Do you remember that couple we met on the steamer we took such a violent fancy to—I mean the couple we invited to visit us?"

"Yeah. You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, the idiots are actually coming!"—*Life.*

Landlubber Whaling.—While crossing the Common recently, an old lady noticed one of those men who go around jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up. Stopping beside him she said, kindly, "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not so very, mum," he replied. "You see, I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."—*Boston Transcript.*

Unprepared for Disaster.—SHE—"The doctor says your illness is all due to drink and that you must not take a drop more."

HE—"Yes, I didn't know it was such a serious illness. I thought it would just mean an operation."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

Playing in Luck.—MRS. REED (with newspaper)—"It says here that a woman in Omaha has just cremated her third husband."

MISS WILLING—"Heigho! Isn't that just the way? Some of us can't get one and other women have husbands to burn."—*Boston Transcript.*

Call a Sleuth.—The young wife was heartbroken.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, my husband is so absent-minded. After breakfast he left a tip on the table, and when I handed him his hat he handed me another tip."

"Well, that's nothing to worry about. It's just force of habit."

"That's what worries me. He kissed me when I gave him his coat."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mother Goose Steps on It.—

Jack and Jill went up the hill
At sixty miles or better,
A cop unkind
Was right behind—
They're seeking bail by letter.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Muffle the Broadcast.—A certain sales manager has a very loud voice. One morning, when he was shouting in his office, the managing director asked his secretary, "What's all this noise about?"

"Mr. Blank is talking to London, sir," was the reply.

"Then why on earth doesn't he use the telephone?" asked the M. D.—*Halifax Daily Courier and Guardian.*

A Slip That Passes in the Night—and the Day—in Peking

—From a snapshot forwarded by a Spice of Life fan in China.

Traffic Greetings.—"K-k-k-ka-kantcha s-ss-see whu-whu-where you're g-ga-ga-ga—"

"Going?"

"—going, ya b-bu-bu-big Boo-Boo-Boo—"

"Boob?"

"Thu-thu-thank you!"—*Life.*

Elastic Prescription. — DOCTOR — "I would advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

PATIENT'S HUSBAND (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?"

WIFE—"He said I ought to go to Palm Beach, and then to the mountains. Also that I must get some new light gowns at once."—*Boston Transcript.*

Done to a Turn.—A new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," he said, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said a bright pupil. "But how is any one to know it does not represent Robert Browning?"—*Watchman Examiner.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Landlubbers.—Children who can not swim unless accompanied by father or mother are not allowed at any time.
—*Chatham (N. J.) Paper.*

And Hashed, of Course.—Sixty-five participated in the Lions' outing at Swing Flats last evening, and enjoyed a bounteous feed, including a half of a spring chicken deliciously fried.—*Tooele (Utah) paper.*

Not Talkative.—Sam D——was shot to death by a gunman as he sat on the front porch of his mother's home to-day. He refused to name his assailant.—*St. Louis dispatch in a New Jersey paper.*

Another Tentacle.—A Vesper Crime Service will be played from 5 to 5:30 o'clock this evening.—*Sound Beach (Conn.) Church Bulletin.*

Swimming Made Difficult.—The next thing the novice must accomplish is to learn to breathe easily and naturally under water.
—*Mobile (Ala.) News-Item.*

For Hungry Neckers.—You get more than Bakery products here. You get prompt and interested service, too.
SPECIAL FOR SAT.
Chocolate Hair Nets
—*Tekama (Neb.) Paper.*

Mass Surgery. — The many friends of Mrs. Fay Andrews underwent an operation at the Hollywood hospital.—*North Hollywood Sun.*

How Are Your Teeth? —
$2.00 Dutch
Frying Pants.....$1.29
—*Sioux Falls Argus Leader.*

She Deserves It.—Baroness Daisy F——, "Miss Germany," noted for the platinum blonde hair which hangs to her lips, won fourth.—*Erie (Pa.) Daily Times.*

Highly Connected. —
PRIVATE CHAPLIN
OF POPE PIUS DIES
—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Protecting a Treasure.—Dunn told police he had installed the alarm following several raids on his chicken cook.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Major Operation. —
SURGEONS OPEN
AUDITORIUM AND
MARVEL AT SIZE
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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